# The Centre Reporter.

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## THE CENTRE REPORTER.


FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r.


There is one man at Washington who has a big influence with the administration—his name is Cleveland.

Hon. W. B. Roberts, of Titusville, says the independents will not support Beaver for governor, but want Hartranft.

Massachusetts has a new liquor law which provides that no liquor shall be sold except by inholders to registered guests, between 6 a. m. and 11 p. m.

A Republican remarked to us we were having very cold weather since Cleveland's presidency. Let the fellow wait until July and August then we'll make em sweat.

Saline county, Arkansas, has an enterprising lad who recently completed a crazy quilt containing 30,000 pieces. Now let that fellow marry a crazy girl and then he is matched.

If under a Democratic administration the rebel soldier is not paid a pension and the rebel debt is not paid, won't the people think that the rads told some very big untruths? and that's what they did do.

The Lewistown *Gazette*, Republican, speaks well of Cleveland's administration thus far, as do the majority of Republican papers. The Bellefonte *Republican*, however, like a bull-frog on a log, grunts, "Ruin, ruin."

We have received several copies of the Lock Haven *Daily Democrat*. It is a live, spicy sheet, which deserves the most liberal support of Lock Haven, to which city it is a credit. Would be pleased to have the *Daily Democrat* visit us every day.

There seems to be a tussle between the sun and the storm king. The great luminary is doing its best to bring in spring on a shine, while the grim storm keeps blowing on cold to prevent winter from going out. So far the blizzard is ahead.

Senator Bridges, of Illinois, died on 20. This leaves the two parties a tie once more, with a vacant seat on each side caused by death. In the balloting on same day there was a marked falling off from Mr. Morrison, and the presumption is strong that he is out of the race.

Wiggins prophesied the "worst storm we ever had," for last Wendesday, 18. Wednesday came but the storm did not come with it. Wiggins would not do to build up a new party, his rival as a weather prophet, the ground-hog, would make a far stronger candidate for President.

The following is a sample of the nonsense that the Bellefonte *Republican* dishes up for its readers:

"Rutherford B. Hayes had a better title to the Presidency of the United States than ex-Sheriff Grover Cleveland has, and as a President he was infinitely better."

We see it stated that the "courts have decided that no boundary fence can be made of barbed wire without the consent of parties owning the adjacent land, and any man who puts a barbed wire fence along the highway renders himself liable for all injuries resulting to stock passing along said highway."

The Chio Legislature has adopted a constitutional amendment for submission to the people changing the time for the State election from October to November. West Virginia has made such a change, and Maine will remain the only State holding earlier elections than November in the autumn of the Presidential years.

This year does not seem to be a good one for granting licenses. The courts in many counties are setting themselves against a wholesale granting of licenses, and more applications have been refused than ever before. The bold defiance of law on the part of many tavern and saloon keepers is what is causing the bristles to rise on many of the judges, and licenses go under in consequence.

The Philadelphia *Times* celebrates its tenth anniversary by a magnificent 28-page edition. The *Times* is a success in every sense of the word and would be missed above a half-dozen other city dailies if it were to step out. It has more freshness, snap and life than any other two papers in the Quaker city.

Prohibition has been declared constitutional in Iowa. The supreme court through Judge Rothrock, all the bench concurring, rendered an opinion confirming the constitutionality of the prohibition law. The opinion is sweeping, conclusive and complete. It sustains the validity of injunctions to abate the nuisances which exist as saloons, and in every particular maintains the provisions of the act as it stands to-day on the statute books of the State.

In the treasury department Secretary Manning intends to have a cleaning out of leeches and an investigation of frauds.

At Girardville, Pa., a skating rink was blown up by dynamite.

On Sunday morning, at Fortress Monroe they had the heaviest snowstorm of this season.

The strike for three cents in mines about Pittsburg is now general, and 10,000 men are now idle.

Judge Henry White decided the other day that it was optional with him to grant or refuse licenses to sell liquor, and all petitions therefore pending before him were negatived. Indiana countains will, therefore, have to go thirsty during Judge White's term, or depend upon some sort of striped pig arrangement for their liquid refreshments.

The miners strike in the Pittsburg region has taken serious dimensions. The miners employed by the New York and Cleveland company made a demand for three cents a bushel for mining. The company refused to pay the advance, and were to shut down their works on Monday. Over 1,000 men are employed at these mines. The strike for three cents is now nearly general and fully 10,000 miners are idle. Coal for local consumption is very scarce, and the prices have been advanced half a cent per bushel.

"Secretary Endicott assumes the War Department portfolio with some pronounced ideas about assignments to duty," remarked an army officer the other day. "His views will be speedily carried out and will work very conspicuous changes in the personnel of the War Department officers and in Washington society. Secretary Endicott's fundamental idea is that young army officers should be with their regiments and not in soft places in Washington and other cities, where the duties are anything but military in character. The Secretary proposes to begin his reform by ordering back to their regiments the young army officers who have been for more than three years on duty in Washington."

Prosecutions for polygamy are going on in Utah. John Nicholson, editor of the *Deseret News*, church organ, has been arrested for alleged polygamy and held in $1,500 bonds for the grand-jury. C. W. Penrose, regular editor-in-chief of the *News*, has fled the Territory. He was wanted on the same charge. Judge R. H. Emerson, United States Judge for the First District in Utah, has resigned, after having completed three full terms of four years each on the Utah bench. The Mormons will hold their next semi-annual metting, commencing April 4, at Logan, instead of Salt Lake, as is customary. The forthcoming conference will be the most important one ever held, because of the consideration by the priesthood of the recent polygamy convictions in the Federal courts.

Judge Biddle, of Philadelphia, the other day in a case before him gave his opinion on the law of the road, viz:

"There is no rule of law which requires a traveler to drive over any particular part of a public highway. He can drive over the middle or on either side, no matter in what direction he may be going. What is called the 'law of the road' is that persons meeting on a highway must each keep to the right. This rule is modified in the case of a footman, who cannot compel a teamster with a heavy load to turn out of the beaten track, or even a light wagon with a heavy draught. In those cases, if the horseman or light vehicle can pass with safety on the left of a heavily-ladened team it is their duty to give way and leave the choice to the more unwieldy vehicle. Travelers naturally keep as near as the can to the right side of a highway, not because of any legal obligation to do so, but because they are then in a position to require any one meeting them to turn out. They may travel on the left side if they please, but then if they are met by a person driving in an opposite direction, they must turn out. The obligation is not to keep to any particular part of the highway, but simply to turn to the right when others meet them.

In the present case the defendant was on the left-hand side of the highway, with room between him and the curb for a carriage coming in the opposite direction to pass him, if the driver of it kept to the right. The plaintiff, coming from the opposite direction, had a right of way on the railroad track, but instead of keeping on that track he straddled one of the rails, having thus but one wheel on the track, it was his duty to follow the 'law of the road,' which regulated the conduct of those not driving on the track. Instead of keeping to the right of the carriage approaching him he kept to the left and his right wheel came in contact with the defendant's right wheel. He was thus violating himself the 'law of the road.' The jury having under these instructions as to the law of the case found the defendant guilty of no negligence gave a verdict in his favor. This verdict we have no reason to disturb."

### DEPARTMENT REFORMS.

A *Times* special says much favorable comment has been heard about the department reforms inaugurated by the Democratic President. The least move, that of Messrs. Lamar and Garland, in dispensing with the carriages and horses is universally commended. The same order will be issued by the heads of the other departments. There are a dozen turnouts attached to the Treasury Department alone and in use in its various bureaus. There are fictitious service wagons driven by messengers on the rolls of the department. A large repair shop is necessitated and the horse-shoeing, repairs, messenger drivers, hostlers, etc., run up a bill for this single department of from fifteen to twenty thousand a year, not one cent of which expenditure is or ever was authorized by law. It costs the government more for this abuse alone in Washington than the salaries of the entire Cabinet. Technically these carriages are mail and delivery wagons, but really they are family carriages for private purposes by heads of bureaus, chief clerks, etc. There are several of these about the Postoffice Department, one of which was always used by the Postmaster General, another by Frank Hatton and others by various officials. The abuse was thoroughly ventilated when Landaulet Williams was in authority, but it has been suffered just the same.

Attorney General Garland found himself confronted with very queer surroundings when he entered upon his duties in other respects as well as carriages. His office rooms at the Department of Justice were the creation of Benjamin Harris Brewster and were exquisitely decorated. Mr. Garland is a plain, matter-of-fact man, who calls Arkansas "Arkansaw." His appearance among the Turkish rugs and wax-tapers and bric-a-brac tables was like the fabled bull in the china shop. He bundled the ornamental part into the background and immediately reduced things to a business footing. The table about the size of a liver-pad has given place to a substantial office desk. Other reforms are threatened at this department soon. A swarm of special agents and all sorts of officials are now hanging on by their eye-lids.

Messrs. Whitney and Endicott have the same kind of a big job ahead of them. There are a good many army and navy officers about town who remain here year after year. The rules of the service do not seem to apply to them. Other officers have steady frontier and foreign station service, while these favored officers seem able to go on here forever. There are officers detatched on all sorts of pretexts. They lead society, build residences and live swell lives, with rich wives. They join every lobby on service matters and fight for every promotion. Some have been here from ten to twenty years. This, we are told, is to be reformed.

Speaking of the relations between England and Russia, the Philadelphia *Times'* London correspondent says: The peace of Europe is no more insured to-day than it was during the anxious weeks of this same month thirty-two years ago, when Lord Aberdeen timidly fenced with agents of the Czar Nicholas and Europe wavered from day to day between the fear of war and hope of peace. The present temporary respite seems to the unthinking mind the equivalent of a permanent settlement, and the English press correspondents at Paris, Berlin and Vienna, who are careful always to reflect the current tone of London instead of that of the capitals at which they are stationed, now chatter as if the whole affair had blown over. As a matter of fact, the situation could hardly be in a more critical and menacing stage than it is now. I find among politicians that the better informed a man is the more firmly he believes that the outcome must inevitably be war. The only way out of it is an abject and complete surrender on the part of England and that the country would not tolerate the bare thought of. Even so much of a surrender as was involved in the recent Ministerial explanation has been resented very testily by the English papers of all shades of opinion.

Harper's "Monthly Magazine" for April is admirable, both as literature and as art. Mr. Millet's paper on the Baltic Coast is exceedingly interesting, and so is that of Dr. Russell on the Prince of Wales' Country Seat at Sandringham. Mr. Sylvester Baxtar's illustrated articles on the Country along the Rio Grande is especially timely and instructive. The principal engraving in the number is a portrait of President Lincoln, copied from a photograph. The features are faithfully given, and yet the appearance is but partially his. Mr. Lincoln is represented as having an exceedingly rough and uneven skin, while the contrary was the case. His skin was fine and delicate. This picture does him injustice.

### FIRE IN HUNTINGDON COUNTY.

Huntingdon, Pa., March 18.—The machine shops and foundry of Benjamin Summers, at Petersburg, was destroyed by fire last night. Loss, $5,000; insurance $2,000.

"Wages are at the danger point," was the text of a sermon by an Episcopal clergyman in New York City, Rev. Dr. DeCosta. He especially referred to the pittance paid for needle work and said:

Two thousand underpaid, overworked seamstresses in our city are the pitiful proof that Hood's "Song of the Shirt" is real history. When we realize the truth that woman rises or falls in the moral scale just as her wages rise and fall, we can see how ominous and terrible is the situation of working women. A recent careful investigation of the condition of these 2,000 seamstresses revealed that 534 made only $1 a week, and over 1,400 only $4 a week. Only seven of the whole 2000 were able to earn $8 a week by their toil. When men, too, are compelled to work for like pittances, can any one wonder at finding men and women sacrificing all that is noble of themselves, and become thieves, or worse? The wages paid by the miserly employer are often death to the virtue of thousands of women, and ruin the honor of thousands of young men. The avarice of corporations and monopolies must be restricted. The stockholder, who does as a stockholder what he would not dare to do as a private citizen, must be forced to forego oppression of the poorer laborer. The elegantly dressed woman who crowd the stores where their own sex is oppressed by poor wages, in order that the odd cent may be saved the purchaser, must awake to the fact that they are taking part in the oppression of the salesgirl.

The Second Philadelphia district police on Saturday, 14, arrested Geo. Rush, a butcher, of No. 606 Penn street, who it is alleged has been in the habit of killing dogs and selling the meat as veal. A couple of officers were sent to the place, and in the cellar found the carcass of a large dog hanging on a rack with a lot of other meat. On Sunday Rush was committed to prison for trial. The prisoner is a Russian Jew, and engages in the butchering business in a small way. He kills in the cellar and disposes of the meat to the residents of the neighborhood. He also makes sausage. The police were unable to procure evidence that he had ever sold dog meat, and were compelled to hold the prisoner on the charge of cruelty to animals.

The case was first brought to the attention of Lieutenant Gillinham several days ago, when the neighbors reported the matter to the officer on the beat, and he in turn reported it to the lieutenant, who instructed that a warrant be sworn out. The neighbors say that they frequently saw Rush slaughtering the dogs. Quite a number of canines belonging to neighbors have been stolen. John T. Baizley's large Newfoundland dog, a handsome animal, disappeared recently under mysterious circumstances and was never seen afterward. The police expect to recover the animals in the shape of half-smoked sausages when they search the smoke-house connected with the establishment.

### DASHING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.

*A Freight Train Wrecked Near Altoona With Loss of Life.*

Altoona, March 19.—This morning about 3:30 o'clock, as the freight train in charge of Engineer James Fox, was coming down the mountain, the train became unmanageble after leaving the tunnel and acquired a terrible velocity, running at the rate of a mile a minute for a distance of four miles, when it overtook a freight train ahead, running in the same direction at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and collided, killing Flagman J. R. McMichael, of Conemaugh, and seriously injured Engineer Fox, Conductor Hatch and Brakeman Berghan. Thirty cars were completely wrecked and an engine also.

Engineer Fox had the presence of mind after being injured to crawl up the electric signal pole and take the lantern off and proceded a considerable distance eastward, bleeding all the way, and flagged a westbound train in time to prevent another collision, the train which was run into having proceeded eastward some miles, leaving the wrecked portion behind. Fox reversed his engine immediately upon discovering that the train was unmanageable and it run about three miles reversed at the rate of a mile a minute. Men who saw it say that the sliding of the engine's wheels on the rails left a train of fire behind.

### DOES PROHIBITION PROHIBIT.

[Bangor Letter in N. Y. Herald.]

For the past six years the city of Bangor has practically enjoyed free rum. There are over one hundred places where liquor is sold and no atttempt has been made to enforce the law. The law is a nullity. In Lewiston, Bath, Augusta and other cities no difficulty is experienced if one wants to wet his whistle. In the city of Portland, under General Dow's own eyes, the liquor traffic flourishes, and yet at the same time in no other city has the law for the past ten years been more faithfully enforced. To illustrate how hard it is to break up the business in Portland. The Prohibitionists for five years pursued a rum seller in that city. They made him pay fines more than forty times and then got him in jail. But this did not break up his business, for his brother took charge of it. Then the Prohibitionists went for him, and when, after a protracted siege, he was forced to retire his brother-in-law took his place and carries on the business to-day.

### A MAN AND WOMAN LYNCHED.

Omaha, March 16.—At 1 o'clock Sunday morning eighty masked men went to a house where Thomas Jones and Mrs. Taylor lived, near Spring Reneh, Clay county, took them to a bridge a few rods away and hung them thereto. They were supposed to have been implicated in the recent robberies in that vicinity and in the murder of Edwin Roberts a month ago. Four other persons in the house at the same time were tied and guarded to daybreak. Three of them were warned to leave the country, as were William and John Jones, under the penalty of suffering the same fate.

### BIG FIRE AT BELLEFONTE.

*A Large Business Block Burned and a Number of Families Homeless.*

Bellefonte, Pa., March 21.—This town was visited by the most destructive fire last night which it has experienced for many years. It broke out early in the evening in the Brockerhoff House stables and soon communicated to half a dozen small buildings adjoining which were totally consumed.

About 10 o'clock it was thought to be extinguished and most of the people went home, but shortly afterward fire again broke out in the grocery store of N. Bauer & Son, and before it could be stopped the following buildings were destroyed: McClure's saddle shop, Reynold's frame building in which Cedar's bakery and Bauer's grocery stores were located, Spangler's Block, containing Brown's grocery store, a pool room, the Opera House, and a reastaurant; Reynold's Opera House, in which was Spangler's furniture store and the Bee Hive dry goods establishment.

The second stories of all these buildings were occupied as tenements, most of the occupants of which saved their goods and furniture. The Brockerhoff estate lost a pair of excellent horses and five carriages in addition to the building in which the fire originated. Help was asked from abroad, and the Tyrone fire companies promptly responded to the request. The total lass is estimated at $100,000, which is mostly covered by insurance.

Among the tenants burned out is James Gregg who lost all his furniture, and has no insurance.

### A SURPRISE.

*The Arabs Attack the British and Almost Inflict a Fatal Disaster.*

Suakim, March 22.—While a detachment of English and Indian infantry were making a zerebra, seven miles southwest of Soukim to-day, they were suddenly surprised by a rush of Arabs who had been masked and concealed in the defiles west of Hasheen. The English formed a square as quick as possible, but camels, mules and horses were driven back in confusion on the troops, causing a stampede, and, amid clouds of dust, the Arabs penetrated the south and north sides of the square. Meanwhile the marines and Berkshire regiment, who were on the east and west sides of the square, maintained a continuous fire, holding the enemy at bay, while a charge of the cavalry and the fire from the guns at the Hasheen zerebra checked the onslaught of the Arabs, which at the onset threatened a serious disaster to the British. An official estimates the British killed at 52 and wounded at 85. Nearly all the casualities were due to spear thrusts received in hand to hand engagements. The Arabs lost between the transport train and the Zereba and spread the men of the transport corps and killed animals. They fought savagely, refusing to give or take quarter. General McNeil, who was commanding the Zereba, reports vagnely that there were several thousand rebels in the fight, and that over one thousand were killed or wounded. General McNiel is blamed for not taking precautions against a surprise.

### SINGS OF THE TIMES.

*Bishop Fallows Sees in the Events of To day Indications of Christ's Second Coming.*

Chicago, March 16.—The Right Rev. Bishop Samuel Fallows of this city preached in the St. Paul Reformed Episcopal church here, last night, upon the "Signs of the Times." He said it was a remarkable fact that the great mass of intelligent, far-seeing business men, politicians, and worldly-wise people generally could not or would not read the signs of the times in their bearing upon the far more important matter—the second coming of Christ. A great many of the important events which have happened in modern times were foretold, the speaker thought, centuries ago. He believed the events of to-day were as pregnant of indications as those 1,800 years ago. The present condition of Egypt was, to the preacher, a sign and an evidence of the coming fulfillment of the prophecy that Egypt would be ruled by the Jews. He considered the domination of England equivalent to that, as it would be a control in the interests of the Jewish bondholders. Earthquakes, pestilence, and famines were prophesied to be seen before the advent of Christ. The earthquakes in Italy, the approaching cholera pestilence, and the famines which have prevailed in Asia were the signs to meet these prohecies. It has been prophesied that iniquity would abound, and the Bishop thought the full measure of this prophecy had been fulfilled.

### OSMAN DIGNA DEFEATED.

London, March 20.—A special dispatch from Suakim to the London Telegraph states that a five hours' battle was fought this morning between the british troops and the forces of Osman Digna, and that Osman Digna's position was finally captured by the British. The dispatch says that the Arab losses were very great.

William Hubbell, of Whitley county, Ind., an insane man, has been greatly troubled by hearing his family talk of sending him to an asylum, and while he and his wife were visiting a relative, he suddenly drew a pistol and shot Mrs. Hubbell dead. He then blew his own brains out.

Frederick Nixdorf, of Lancaster, who had been on a protracted spree, was committed to prison for five days by his friends for the purpose of sobering him. One night while in a fit of delirium tremens he broke a bottle he found in his cell, and using a piece of the glass cut a gash in his abdoman that caused his death.

Columbus, Ohio, March 19.—Robbers entered Donaldson & Co's Bank at noon to-day, and secured $1,500. The proprietor was in the bank at the time and it is thought had either fallen asleep or been chloroformed. There is no clue to the guilty parties.

### PETER GIMLET.

A KENTUCKIAN'S ADVENTURE WITH A BROAD CHISEL.

*What came of a Hot Temper and an Ingrown Toe Nail—Back-woods Surgery and its Result.*

Napoleon Bonaparte Bouton is the high sounding name of a huge Kentuckian of the Blue Grass country. Bouton is a carpenter and a first-rate one, but his name is too elaborate for the ways of the primitive people among whom he lives. They shortened it formerly to "Nappy" and sometimes to "Bony," but of late owing to his occupation he has been, and is, universally known as "Peter Gimlet," and half the people round there don't know he has any other name.

Peter has an awful temper. When he gets mad he begins to talk gently, for the purpose of keeping his temper down, but as he talks, his temper rises, and when he gets a full head of steam on, his voice is like a half dozen hurricanes and he is distinctly heard, so report says, in the adjoining counties.

He has been troubled for several years with an ingrowing toe nail on the great toe of the right foot. It's an uncomfortable ailment and Peter's temper never very good, was always at its worst when the toe gave him an extra turn. Early last year while he was chopping in the woods, his toe nail was particularly aggravating. "Gosh durn ye, I'll fix ye," said Peter. He took off his boot and stocking, put his foot up on a stump, and with a broad chisel and a malet, at one blow took off the offending member.

A little branch of the femoral artery supplies that portion of the human anatomy, and Peter came near bleeding to death, but he used what rough surgery he could, or rather what rough dressing he could apply—goodness knows the surgery was rough enough—and with a temper considerably cooled by loss of blood and toe, late in the afternoon Peter crawled, pale and exhausted, to his cabin, and his wife "put out," as she said, for the doctor.

As in a good many cases, physicians were in vain. Between poor doctoring and the shock of the system, poor Peter began to sink. What remained of the toe sloughed off, blood poisoning set in, and the neighbors expected that before summer Peter would fill six feet or thereabouts of Kentucky soil.

One day last fall a neighbor who had been out west looking at new land, riding along, discovered Peter splitting fence rails, as tall and muscular as ever. "Why, Peter," said he, dismounting, "I am glad to see you. Didn't peg out after all, eh? Look out you don't take another toe or two off. Why, I never expected to see you again. The doctors said as how you was blood-poisoned, and was bound to go."

"Doctors be blowed," said Peter, (only he didn't say beblowed. "They'd never have cured me. One day my wife was a spellin' out to me some readin' about a man who had a slow ulcer and was cured by Peruna, a kind of medicine made over in Ohio, and we sent to Blowing Green, and got a couple of bottles, and sure as you live I began to mend by the time I finished the first bottle, and I began to eat. It took several bottles to straighten me out, but what I paid for them six bottles wouldn't begin to pay the freight on what them other fellows sent me to take, and we keep it in the house all the time. A good many of our neighbors found out it was good for other things, neuralgia and rheumatism and liver and kidney troubles, and there ain't a family round here now but what keeps it in the house and old man Blemmons what used to come and feel my pulse every day, I'm blamed if he don't give it himself to some of his patients," and Peter slashed into the fence rails again with gusto, as the neighbor rode on musingly.

Mrs. John Mallen's boarding house, in East Bridgeport, Mass., burned yesterday morning. Mrs. Mallen, who slept on the second floor, was burned to death. Jerome Bowen, a border, is missing, and is supposed to have met a similar fate. George Rutherford, an old fireman, while endeavoring to save Mrs. Mallen, was horribly burned about the face and hands.


### BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents a box. For sale by J. Zeller & Son, Bellefonte, druggists. jan7y


### BORROWED FEATHERS.

It has, however, been no uncommon thing in the past for great men to deliver speeches which other men have written. George Washington's farewell address, for which the whole world gives him credit, was rewritten and revised by Alexander Hamilton and John Jay before he delivered it, and a letter exists of Washington to Madison, dated May 20, 1792, in which he says he has concluded not to be a candidate for re-election to the Presidency, and he asks Madison to draw up an address for him to be used in case he should conclude to retire. It is a notorious fact that Amos Kendall used to write many of Andrew Jackson's state papers, and Parton states that Major Lewis and Henry Lee drew up his first inaugural. Edward Livingston wrote his celebrated nullification proclamation, but in all of those cases Jackson furnished the ideas. When Case was Secretary of State under President Buchanan most of the important despatches signed by his name were written by Judge Jeremiah Black or by the President himself. Judge Black also wrote many of President Johnson's important messages as did also Judge Milligan, who stood to Johnson in somewhat the same light as did Major Lewis to Andrew Jackson.

### A VIGIL.

I walk the lane's dim hollow,—
Past is the twilight hour,
But stealthy shadows follow
And Night withholds her power,
For somewhere in the eastern sky
The shrouded moon is high.

Dews from the wild rose drip unheard,—
Their unforgotten scent
With that of woods and grasses blent;
No muffled flight of bird,
No whispering voice, my footfall stops;
No breeze amid the poplar-tops
The smallest leaf has stirred.

Yet round me, here and there,
A little fluttering wind
Plays now,—these senses have divined
A breath across my hair,—
A touch,—that on my forehead lies,
And presses long
These lips so mute of song,
And now, with kisses cool, my half-shut eyes.

This night? O what is here!
What viewless aura clings
So fitfully, so near,
On this returning even-tide
When Memory will not be denied
Unfettered wings?

My arms reach out,—in vain,—
They fold the air,
And yet—that wandering breath again!
Too vague to make her phantom plain,
Too tender for despair.

## LANETTE:
## OR, THE OUTLAW'S SISTER.

Captain John Hablett, in whose truthfulness we all have implicit confidence, relates the following story:

One night, several years ago, I was a passenger on a Missouri railway train that was mercilessly robbed by a party of jeering young wretches who not only deprived us of our valuables, but who, during the outrage, subjected us to their low flung raillery. I was not burdensomely encumbered with money, and gave up without a pang the small amount which I had, but when one of the rascals told me to take off my watch, I filed my motion for an appeal. The watch, aside from being a gold time-keeper of finest make, had been presented me by a dear friend.

"Look here," said I, can't you let me keep this watch? I suppose you have often heard such a request—not at all strange in your line of business—but which by granting would exhibit your remaining dregs of grace, and which I might say might in time be the fruit meat for repentance."

I was a young member of the bar at that time, rather liked to hear the sound of my own voice, and thought this little speech so applicable and delivered with such emphasis, should at once gain my case, but the villain, graceful of form as well as graceless of morals, bowed profoundly, and replied:

"My dear sir, I like to hear you talk, and under ordinary circumstances would listen to you with only a moderate degree of impatience, but on this occasion I am really pressed for time. While I am accommodating, and willing to grant a hearing to any one dissatisfied with the manner in which I conduct my affairs, yet I must insist that you pay more attention to prompt delivery and less to oratory.—"Ah," taking my watch, "a jeweled checker-off of time's hurrying moments, So long, sir. I wish you a safe journey."

About two years after my experience with the robbers I went on a summer vacation to Wisconsin. One day, while threshing a little trout stream, I met a young gentleman to whom—as he was engaged in the same pastime, and as he had caught nothing—I became attracted. He was a tall, graceful young man, quick witted and with a face impressively handsome. We sat in a mossy shade and ate lunch together. We talked for an hour together, and, then, like American citizens, introduced ourselves. This is an American characteristic. An Englishman must know your name before he will exhibit the slightest interest in you, but an American must become acquainted with you before he cares to know your name.

"My name is Robert Gosman," said he, when I had delivered my cognomen, "but I am known as Wild Bob. I don't know why, for no one ever sees me in a hurry. Here's some very fair cabbage pickle."

"Call you Wild Bob because you are not wild probably," I replied. The members of a certain bar in Arkansas call me Coldwater John, though I don't now remember that I have ever shown any marked predilection for cold water—Pickle is first rate."

"Say, Hablett, I live about three miles from here. You haven't anything to do particularly, have you?"

"Well, anything I have to do, I do it particularly."

"I mean have you anything particularly to do?"

"No."

"Well, suppose you go home with me. You will find the folks to be very agreeable, It's no boarding-house, understand?"

As the boarding-house which I had secured was hardly up to the standard of appetite, to say nothing of association, I agreed to accompany Mr. Gosman.

The Gosmans lived in a large brick house, surrounded by tall trees. The cool yard, the spring near the house, and even the great barn from which issued the sharp, filing notes of a score of Guinea hens.—all to me were inviting. Old man Gosman—old man through courtesy, for he was not so very old, was quiet and undemonstrative, but I could see that I was not an "unwelcome guest, a guest unbid." Mrs. Gosman was one of those women who remind me of a piece of silk. Smooth, never showing a ruffle, smiling nearly always, but so quiet of manner, and a soft voice that sometimes, when hearing an indistinct sound in the room, I would look up, thinking that she had spoken. Miss Lanette Gosman—but how shall I speak of her? The adjective beautiful expresses much, yet how common-place and incomplete. Did you ever notice that some girls carry sunshine in their voices? It is a fact, whether or not you have noticed it. I know that Lanette's voice was full of sunshine, for everything was brighter when she spoke. Her beauty, when she entered the room, bounded upon my vision like a glad surprise.

"Oh, yes, you must remain awhile with us," she remarked the next evening after my arrival, when Bob had renewed his invitation. "It is very lonesome here at times. When father is not at work he walks around with his hands behind him. There's nothing that makes me more lonesome than to see a man walking around that way. It always seems to me that he is in trouble; and mother, she is so quiet and easy—well, mother reminds me of a piece of china, Bob, I'll declare she does," turning to her brother and growing brighter in the light of her new-found companion. "No one would ever know that she is on the place, hardly," turning to me.

"We can't say as much for you," replied Bob. Everybody in the neighborhood knows when you are at home."

"Am I such a romp, Mr. Hablett?"

"No," I replied. "I—I never saw any one more lady like."

"There, now, Mr. Smarty," shaking her head at Bob.

"Oh, he says that because he can't get round it," said Bob.

"No, you don't, do you?" appealing to me with an air so bewitching that I actually felt like getting up and dancing the "Essence of Old Virginia."

"I mean it, Miss Lanette. You are lady-like."

"There now again, Mr. Smart Jacketty. But Mr. Bablett, you haven't told me yet."

"Haven't told you?"

"No, haven't told me that you can remain with us awhile,"

"Well I am on a vacation and I much prefer this to any other place—" in the world, I came in one of saying—"prefer it to any other place I have found."

"Thank you," she said.

As I sat there contemplating her entrancing beauty, I wondered if she could really be a flirt. Then this crushing thought fell upon rather than arose within me. "Of course she is. A girl so frank, so easily delighted, could be carried off by any clod hopper." I had never heard it intimated that I was handsome, and my feet, with a pronounced affinity of No. 9's, now seemed to be encased in twelves. Oh, yes, I loved her—loved her until I was actually sick. After supper I went out alone and told myself that I was a fool. I heard Lanette singing, and addressing myself, I said:

"Hablett, you are the biggest fool I ever saw. Why don't you pick up a few grains of sense as you go along. Don't you know the girl is laughing at you?"

I returned to the house, and going to my trunk—which had just been brought from my boarding-house—I took out Blackstone and decided to rub up my knowledge of common law, but incorporal herediments, free-holds and the like were powerless to divert my mind from the engulfing channel into which it was determined to flounder. I put down the book, and as I sat musing, or rather agonizing, I heard a woman in the hallway ask:

"Miss Lanette, whar Wild Bob ketch up wid dat cuis lookin' white man?"

Three weeks had elapsed and yet I remained a guest at the Gosman farm-house. Bob and I spent much of our time in fishing, but I didn't want to fish. Fish the mischief! Talk about fishing to a man almost on the verge of dropping on the ground and kicking in the agonies of fatal love! The girl's attentions had not abated, but, hang it, I could not see that they had increased. I couldn't fool along this way. I was determined to bring the case to a trial.

Late one evening while moping in the woods near the house I met Lanette, who, with a handful of wild flowers, was returning home from a neighborhood visit. On my part I don't think that the meeting was altogether accidental.

"I saw some beautiful flowers over here the other day," said I. "Come with me and we will get them."

Oh, what a liar. I had seen no flowers. She joined me and we proceeded along a path so narrow that it seemed impossible for me to get more than one foot in at a time.

"How far are they?" she asked.

"Not far. Let me see. Just over there, I believe."

"Are you quite sure that you saw any?"

"Oh, yes."

"When?"

"Yesterday mor— Lanette, I expect you think that——"

"Think what?" she said, stopping.

"Think that I am—well, let's go to the house. No, I'm going to tell you. I love you. Hold on. Oh, it's a fact.

"I did't dispute it," she said.

"Of course not, but—" I had caught her in my arms. I had seen tears in her eyes.

"I love you so much," she breathed in my ear.

Ah, lightning, it is a wonder you hadn't settled me right there. She would marry me! Great Cæsar! I looked around to see if anyone were about to shoot at me, but saw nothing but a cow quietly gazing. I wondered if I were not in duty bound to run against a tree and kill myself. I was a fool—but I was so deucedly happy.

Our engagement was not kept secret—The old gentleman readily gave his consent, declaring that Lanette's choice was his choice. Mrs. Gosman had but very little to say, but shimmering like a pice of satin, said that she had no objection to me.

One day, about two weeks from the time appointed for our marriage, I decided to go over and catch a few trout—Bob was not at home, and as the distance was too great for Lanette to walk, I concluded to go alone.

"You must be back by four o'clock," said Lanette.

"But how am I to know? I have no watch."

"Couldn't you take the clock under your arm?"

"Hardly."

"Wait, Bob has a watch up stairs.—He never wears it, but I don't suppose he would care if you were to take it. Just wait a minute and I'll wind it up and set it."

"A few minutes later she returned with the watch. I could scarcely repress an exclamation; "J. H. L.," engraved on the case. I said nothing, but after leaving the house I examined the watch. It was mine, unmistakably. Could it be possible that Bob was one of the train robbers? I was so disturbed that, taking no interest in fishing, I soon returned to the house. As I neared the gate I saw that Bob had returned. Seeing me, he came forward and said:

"Lanette tells me that she let you take my watch."

"Yes, here it is."

"Of course it is safe in your hands, but——"

"But what?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing."

"Seems to be an excellent time-keeper, Bob. Where did you get it?"

"Oh, by the way of a chance," he replied, but I could see that he was confused.

"Ah," thought I, that night as I lay in bed, "that is doubtless one reason why you deserve the name of Wild Bob. Marry the sister of an outlaw. I shuddered. Yes, I would marry her even though she were an outlaw herself. It was my duty though to have Bob arrested. What a thought! It would almost kill his parents. I will wait until we are married," I mused, "but I must discharge my duty."

The very next morning, upon taking up a newspaper, I saw that one of the Missouri train robbers had been captured—"He had in his possession," continued the account, "a number of very valuable watches. When asked why he had not disposed of them, he replied that he was afraid that such a step might lead to his detection, and that it had been his intention to leave the country and sell them. The chief of police of St. Louis requests that those who lost watches during the late train robbery in this State will please furnish him with description of property."

Although I was satisfied that Bob had my watch, yet I wrote to the St. Louis chief of police, and to my infinite surprise received a few days later my watch. Now I could see a difference; though very slight; between my watch and Bob's, but I could not account for the same initials. This thought puzzled me. Why should he have shown such embarrassment when I asked him where he got the watch? I was determined to find out where, so, accompanying Bob to his room, I related the circumstances of the train robbery and then showed him my watch.

"Why, it is just like mine!" he exclaimed. "Same initials, too. "Well, it is strange, surely.

"So strange, Bob, that I don't understand it. Tell me where you got your watch. Of course it is no business of mine, but I would like to know.'

"I got it from a friend."

"Yes, Bob, but why were you embarrassed when I asked you concerning it.

For a few moments he remained silent. A cloud crossed his face. Passing his hand over his face as though he would rub the cloud away, he said:

"One of the best friends I ever had was James L Harmon. This watch once belonged to him. One night he took it off and gave it to me in payment of a gambling debt. I took it, jokingly, intending to return it, but the first thing I saw upon taking up the morning paper, next day, was that James had been killed while in a saloon. The horrible affair occurred a short time after he left me."

"Bob you will never know what relief you give me."

"How so?"

I related my suspicions. He laughed in genuine appreciation and said: "You don't know me, John. I haven't the courage to rob a bee hive, much less a railway train, but really I am glad that you do not necessarily believe your property in danger of stealthy removal when I am around."

"I know one thing, Bob."

"What's that?"

"You are the best fellow I ever met,"

Lanette and I were married by a good old parson who talked through his nose. Everybody seemed to be happy, although the old gentleman walked with his hands behind him. The old lady wept smoothly and without a flaw, but still looked like a piece of china.

### Rest Awhile.

You are wearing out the vital forces faster than there is any need, and in this way subtracting years from the sum total of your life. This rush and worry, day after day, this restless anxiety for something you have not got, is like pebblestones in machinery; they grate and grind the life out of you. You have useless burdens; throw them off! You have a great load of useless care; dump it! Pull in the strings; compact your business; take time for thought of better things. Go out into the air and let God's sun shine down upon your busy head. Stop thinking of business and profit; stop grumbling at adverse providences. You will probably never see much better times in this doomed world, and your most opportune season is now; your happiest day is to-day. Calmly do your duty and let God take care of His own world. He is still alive and is the King. Do not imagine that things will go to everlasting smash when you disappear from the mortal stage. Do not fancy that the curse of heaven, in the shape of the vain tasks of righting up a disjointed earth, is imposed upon you. Cease to fret and fume; cease to jump and worry early and late. The good time is coming, but you can never bring it. God can and will. Take breath, sir; sit down and rest, and take a long breath. Then go calmly to the tasks of life and do your work well.

### The Vexed Question Settled.

Two drummers were disputing very hotly one night in a smoking car. One insisted that "either" and "neither" are correct, while the other stoutly maintained that only dudes and Anglomaniacs would so pronounce the words, and that "either" and "neither" were the proper pronunciations. Finally they agreed to leave it to the man in the next seat. They woke him up and stated the case.

"Now, then, which is right," asked one of the drummers, "neither or neither?"

"Nayther," responded the Irishman, and settled back to sleep, while the rest of the car accepted an invitation to take something out of the drummers' flasks.

### Wasting Time at Whist.

Richard Proctor in talking about whist said: In passing, I may give an illustration of the stupefying effects of the duller sort of whist play, even at the best London Clubs. At the Portland Club the following incident, which seems utterly incredible, really took place: Five rounds had been played, two of them trumps; both these trump tricks had fallen to one pair of partners, the other three to their opponents; the player who had taken up the two trump tricks put down the eight cards left in his hand to take a pinch of snuff, after which he inadvertently took up the eight trumps instead of his own cards. The four players went on as if nothing had happened, though all four honors were included among the eight trumps thus played twice over. Assuming for a moment that the player who had thus taken up eight trumps, including the four honors, knew what he had done, what are we to think of three whist players who failed to note the fall of the four honors a second time? Manifestly they were simply tired out by waste whist. They cannot possibly have found any enjoyment in the game which they played so carelessly.

The first doctrine I would inculcate then as to whist is this: Play whist often—daily if you can—but waste no time over it; play it in such a way that it interests by calling forth the exercise of skill. A little of such whist goes a long way in relaxing the mind and giving pleasure to the player. I have wiped the cobwebs out of my mind after six or seven hours of application at difficult geometrical work by an hour's good whist. That means a saving of time for work, and an oiling of the mental machinery by which the next work will be done with less friction. But I have also sat down seeking rest from whist, and because the play was not whist at all I have risen unrefreshed after two or three hours of meaningless play, or play at cross purposes. Whist is so easily learned, however, that there is no excuse for the prevalent bad play. In my own case, after years of other game, which I played for want of knowing better, I learned to play the real game in a few weeks. Of course nothing but steady practice for a much longer time than this will make a good player; but no amount of practice at Bumblepuppy will turn the player of that game into a whist player.

### The Empty Watch Case.

There was something peculiarly charming about Leblanc's conversation. Anyway, it enchanted Peter Thorne to such an extent that he never missed the hour which he knew would find Leblanc at the cafe. It was there that Thorne had made his acquaintance, met him casually and became interested in him. he scarcely knew how. Perhaps Leblanc's prodigious ignorance of American geography attacked the humorous element in Thorne's nature, but when he compared it with his friend's excellent English, he might have been startled had he not been too muddy of intellect to note the effect of the comparison.

"It is wonderful, the intelligence of your customs officials," observed Leblanc one day, in his sprightly manner. "Observe how impossible it is to smuggle into your country. Every tourist from America is a smuggler at heart, and each thinks he knows how, only to be detected and to discover that his plan is older than himself."

"Yes, there is a great deal of it done in diamonds," said Thorne. "They are easily concealed, and I know of instances where money has been made. I could do it myself, and I may when I go back."

"I would go with you and assist," said Leblanc, with a laugh that meant the contrary, and intimated a want of faith in Thorne's ingenuity.

"Come," said Thorne, a trifle annoyed, "If you will go in with me I'll try it."

"But how?" asked Leblanc, still incredulous. "Would you break the skin of your arm and put the gems in the sores? It is as old as the Jews who invented the scheme. There are men in your American prisons for attempting it. Hollow boot heels? Peste! It annoys me to think of such a shallow device. Let me tell you why you will fail, *mon ami*. The man who buys diamonds cannot smuggle them."

"Why not?" demanded Thorne.

"It is easy to say. The purchase is cabled to your country and the purchaser is searched."

"Is that the case?" asked Thorne in surprise. "I never heard of it."

"Do governments explain to their enemies what they intend?" replied Leblanc with a shrug. "Let us make a bet. Have you ever tried smuggling?"

"No."

"Been searched?"

"No."

"And you have crossed the ocean?"

"Seven times."

"You shall buy a hundred thousand francs' worth of diamonds, and I will wager ten thousand francs' that your person is searched in New York."

"Will you telegraph over the news?" smiled Thorne.

"You shall not lose sight of me."

"You will go with me?"

"Without doubt."

"And I shall lose my hundred thousand francs' worth of diamonds to win your ten thousand?"

"You will lose nothing but your stake. You will be searched, but you will save the gems."

Leblanc's manner was so confident that Thorne was staggered.

"How?"

"Buy the diamonds," and Leblanc, raising his hat, politely strolled away.

The conversation rankled. Thorne shrank from refusing the bet, but he felt there was something behind it all which he couldn't understand. He met his friend repeatedly, but neither referred to the wager. The Frenchman was too polite; the American politic.

"I have bought the diamonds," said Thorne suddenly, one day.

"And I have the empty watch case," said Leblanc, quietly. "See, the dial is here. The cap is on the inside. I open it with this spring and you place the stones in it. Mark the inscription: 'Presented to Louis Leblanc, etc,' You will carry it until you reach your shore. You will then hand it to me and be searched. I will win my 10,000 francs,"

There could be no doubt of success, and Thorne did not disguise his pleasure.

"We must be strangers now until we meet on ship," said Leblanc. "They know in America now that you have purchased the stones, but they do not know that Monsieur Leblanc intends a visit."

Thorne was astounded by the dense ignorance of his identity as manifested by the Frenchman when they met on the steamer. Leblanc wormed himself into the acquaintance of every one else, but Thorne he ignored. Had not the watch-case reposed safely in the vest pocket of the American, that worthy would have been worried.

"I shall win my bet," he thought.

"I shall win my bet," whispered Leblanc, as he passed swiftly by him.

It was all that passed between them until they reached the pier.

"Now," and Leblanc took his station at his friend's elbow.

Thorne slipped the watch-case into his hand.

There was no interference on the pier. A hasty glance at the trunks was satisfactory. The usual question and answer and the friends passed on.

"I have won my bet," said Thorne, with a look of triumph.

"And I will pay," said Leblanc, a little crestfallen. "Ten thousand francs! It is a great deal, but I have learned much. Your money, *mon ami*, is here, and your watch-case. You have won, and I will see you to-night."

Thorne made no attempt to detain him as the Frenchman strode away. A man in deep grief does not care for expressed sympathy.

"I will see him to-night," smiled Thorne to himself.

But he didn't.

'Something must have detained him,' muttered Thorne, late in the evening.

He drew out the watch case and opened it. It was empty. On the cap was prescribed: "Presented to Peter Thorne by his friend Louis Leblanc."

Thorne put it in his pocket and went to sleep without a word.

"I have lost my bet, but," whispered Leblanc to himself, "I am sorry I cannot meet him this evening."

He leaned back in his chair and drew out a watch case the counterpart of that he had given to Thorne. It was the one Thorne had slipped into his hand on the steamer.

"I pay ten thousand francs cash for one hundred thousand in gems," and he pressed the spring.

The watch case was empty. Inside the cap was inscribed: "Presented to Louis Leblanc by his friend Peter Thorne."

### Teaching a Prince.

During the war, it will be remembered, Prince Polonac, of France, came over to assist the Confederacy. He arrived at a time when whiskey had become a scarce article, a fact especially lamented by the Arkansaw troops. One night at an entertainment in Camden, Polonac was present, dressed in his royal gew-gaws. He drew much attention, and General Shaver, approaching Colonel Crockett, said:

"Bob, is there any whiskey in the neighborhood?"

"Yes, there's a jug full, down in the cellar."

"Suppose we take the prince below and show him how we drink in Arkansaw?"

"All right," and approaching Polonac, he asked: "How would a snifter strike you?"

'Snifter, I do not ze honor of his acquaint*ance*. He no strike me, by gar!"

"I mean how would a drink of good whiskey strike?"

"Aw zat, he strike me fine."

"Well, if you will consent to drink Arkansaw fashion, we will take you down and instruct you."

"Leads ze way, co'*nel*. I follow him."

They conducted him to the cellar. Crockett pulled the long corn-cob from the jug, took up the vessel and said: "Pay strict attention." Then, giving it a toss with one hand and catching it with the other, he brought it down to his mouth, counting three as he did so. This performance was twice enacted, after which the prince was informed he had received sufficient instruction. He had paid close attention, believing that he was being introduced to a rule of national politeness. He tossed the jug, precisely as Crockett had done, counted three and caught the neck of the earthenware in his mouth. Removing his lips, and while the water stood in his eyes—for the whiskey was awful—he said:

"Aw, how nice was him."

Again tossing the jug and drinking, he said:

"Aw, how I do lof ze ways of ze Arkansaw."

He kept on tossing the jug. Crockett and Shaver looked at each other.

"Aw!" continued the prince, "how ver' nice is zis."

"You've had enough, d——n it," said Crockett, but the prince, declaring that he liked to practice the politeness of a country, continued to toss the jug. Then they began to reason with him, but he declared that politeness, like love, was not founded upon reason. Then they tried to take it away from him, but turning away with the jug, he continued to study the rules of Arkansaw etiquette. General Shaver swears that the student drank at least a quart; nor, does it seem that he limited the engagement to one time only, for later at night, when Crockett went down to get a drink, the jug was gone.

### Money to Look At.

A friend told me that in West Virginia he went to a house and got food for himself and companions and their horses. He wanted to pay for this, but the woman was ashamed to take pay for a mere act of kindness. He pressed the money upon her. Finally she said: "If you don't think I am mean I will take 25 cents from you, so as to look at it now and then, for there has been no money in this house for a year." The little farm and barter at the store had supplied all the absolute wants of this woman.

### The Round Trip.

"I have taken my last order. I am going home," he said as the clock struck the midnight hour.

The nurse looked at the doctor with a significant glance and whispered:

"His mind wanders!"

Presently he lifted his feverish head from its pillow.

"Any letters from the house?" he inquired. "There ought to be letters here."

Then he slept, and in his sleep he was a boy again. He babbled of fishing streams where the trout played, and of school hours and romps with his mates. At 12 he suddenly awakened.

"All right," he exclaimed, in a strong voice, "I'm ready."

He thought the porter had called him for an early train. The doctor laid a soothing hand on him and he slept. In his sleep he murmured:

"Show you samples of our goods. I'm going off the road now. This order closes me out. The house has called me in. Going to have my first vacation, but I shall lose time—time—time!"

He drowsed off, and the doctor counted his pulse. Suddenly the sick man started up.

"Give me a letter from home. Ellen always writes to me here. She never disappointed me yet—and the children. They will forget me if my trips are too long. I have only a few more towns to sell—promised to be home Christmas—I promised to be home—promised——"

He slept again, and again awakened with a start.

"No word from the house yet?"

He was going fast now. The doctor bent over him and repeated, in a comforting voice, the precious words of promise:

"In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you."

"Yes—yes," said the dying traveler, faintly. "It is a clear statement. It is a good house to travel for. It deals fair and square with its men."

The chill December morning dawned—the end was very near. The sick man was approaching the undiscovered land from whose bourne no traveler returns.

"I've changed my *route*," he murmured, faintly. "The house is calling me in—write to Ellen and the children that I'm—on—my—way—home—it's in my sample case—without money and without price—a good house—fills all its orders as agreed. Call me for the first train—I am going to make the round trip and get home for Christmas."

They laid his head back on the pillow. He had made the round trip. He had gone home for Christmas.

### Chang's Courtship.

A newspaper man has been interviewing Chang, the Chinese giant, with the following result: I understand you are to be married, Chang. How is it?"

A slight smile passed over Chang's face—it took quite a while to get over it—and a blush was just perceptible.

"Yes, I am to be married, though I expect to go home to China first."

"Who is the lady?"

"I would rather not tell her name. She lives in Kansas City. She is rich and is worth over $200,000. I am worth about $150,000, and I think we will not be in need when our marriage is consummated. The lady is large in stature. She is six feet six inches in height, and her dress makes her look much larger. She is an American lady and lives with her parents. She first saw me on exhibition and talked to me a long while. The next day I was sitting in a parlor in a hotel, playing on the piano. I can play nicely on the piano, and would like you to hear me. Well, I was playing on the piano when I heard the lady enter the room. I turned and saw her. She looked rather timid at first, and I said, 'Come in, lady; I will not charge you fifty cents to hear and see me.' She laughed and acted more at ease. I played many pieces, which seemed to please her not a little. Finally I got up and placed one hand on her shoulder, said she was a nice, big woman, and I would like to have her for my wife. She laughed and ran merrily out of the room. A week later I received a letter from her father asking me if I really wanted his daughter in marriage, and asking me what I intended to do if married. I said I wanted his daughter, and would become a tea merchant. The engagement was then made. I will come to St. Louis, settle down here and open a tea store."

### Heirs to Millions.

A Cleveland, O., dispatch says: Mrs. A. R. Trottner whose husband is a butcher, Mrs. E. Goldner, wife of a saloonkeeper, and Mrs. E. Rosenberg, wife of a poor peddler, all of this city, have received word from Pressburg, Hungary, to the effect that a suit for the recovery of 6,000,000 florins, (about $2,500,000) has resulted in their favor. M. Whitelaw, an Akron milliner, is another heir. The case is a romantic one. Many years ago a rich couple named Weislovith lived in Pressburg with a handsome adopted daughter. Mrs. Weislovitch died. Weislovitch was 70 years ago, but he astonished his relatives by wedding this adopted daughter, who was engaged to an ambitious young physician. Weislovitch calmed his relatives by willing them a part of his estate, and promising that if his young wife should die childless all the estate should be theirs. At Weislovitch's death his young widow married the doctor, and soon died without issue. The Doctor remained in possession of the property. A suit was brought by the heirs, but the lawyers for the prosecution proved false, and the case was dropped, leaving the Doctor in possession. One of the faithless lawyers being near to death, confessed that he was bribed by the Doctor, and gave information which gives the Weislovitch heirs all, and leaves the aged and now decrepit Doctor penniless.

*The* lustre of morocco is restored by varnishing it with the white of an egg. Apply with a sponge.

The bread of life is love; the salt of life, work; the sweetness of life, poesy.

"My dear," she said, as she laid the paper down, "I see that some of the Chicago fire engines could scarcely be moved on account of the snow."

"Well?"

"Well, why don't they put the engines on runners when there is snow?"

"They would then be too low to take water from the hydrants."

"Yes, but why not lower the hydrants?"

He set his jaws and refused to be further interviewed.

It was given out in New Orleans that Patti failed to sing there one night owing to the falling of plaster from the theatre dome. Another explanation attributes Patti's non-appearance to the failure of the falling of her "shin-plasters" ($4,000) from the dome of the Colonel's pocketbook.


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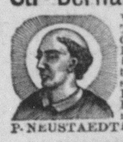

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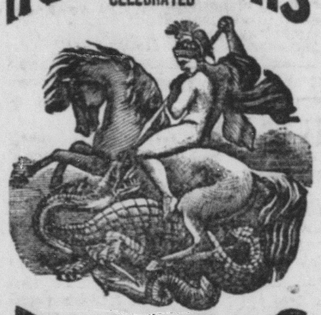

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*Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.*

It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headache, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

Send 2 stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Letters of inquiry confidently answered. For sale at druggists.

**YOU ARE A LIAR**

Lying Agents can't SELL and tell the truth about JONES. Put your lies on paper and sign it if you dare. U. S. STANDARD

**$60.5 TON WAGON SCALES.**

Beam Box, Tare Beam. Freight Paid. Free Price List. Every Size. address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

**DEBILITY** of the Generative Organs quickly cured by the CIVIALE METHOD. Adopted in all the hospitals of France. Prompt return of Vigor. Simple cases, $2 to $6. Severe ones, $8 to $12. Pamphlet Free. Civiale Remedial Agency, 161 Fulton St., N.Y.


The tendency of modern practice in manuring with commercial fertilizers, is to use readily soluble and quick acting manures, but to use them sparingly at times. Little and often is the rule.

**An Open Enemy**

is not to be feared, but the secret foe should be carefully guarded again. The only effective guardian against all forms of kidney and liver difficulties is HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] Remedy. "Never known to fail" is the motto inscribed on its banner.

**Thrown Against a Car.**

ROME, N. Y., June 9, 1883.

"Was thrown against the engine cab and my back and kidneys severely injured. My water was the color of blood. The second bottle of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY completely cured me and I heartily recommend it."—Henry McGinnis, Engineer, N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.

Reliability is the test of real value. No matter how wonderful cures a medicine sometimes has worked if it cannot be relied on. HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY is *never known to fail* and it has been used for thirty years.

It is well to give horses a double amount of feed on the evening preceding a long journey, and only half rations of grain or a little hay on the morning of starting.


**Important.**

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expressage and $3 carriage hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.


Salt is used to destroy the onion maggot with partial success. About July 1, sow two bushels to the acre; the salt also hastens the maturity of the crop.

Have you Catarrh? Would you be well? Try one bottle of Borazel.

The common adage that delays are dangerous acts as spurs upon the resolution.


DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility, in their various forms; also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya" made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.


By regeneration the spiritual life commences, and by salvation it is consummated.

Our vices are like our nails. Even as we cut them they grow again.

The virtue of a coward is suspicion.

## DOMESTIC.

BERMUDA ONIONS.—Seeing some fine Bermuda onions about as large around as a tea saucer and weighing one pound and a half each, grown by Mr. H. S. Elliott, we called on him to learn his mode of culture, etc., which we give briefly as follows: Fertilized with fish guano, 1,000 pounds to the acre, broadcast with small amount of ashes and stable rakings, cost in all $40 per acre. Planted first week in November, rows eighteen inches apart, about eight in drill. About one pound of seed to the acre. Cost of seed $5. Cultivated as ordinary vegetables. Cost exceeding $10. He will harvest at the rate of about 320 barrels per acre, worth in New York, $5 per barrel. Gross receipts, $1,750. Cost of barrels, freight and commissions, $1.60 per barrel, making in all $228. Cost of harvesting will not exceed $50 per acre. Total cost on one acre, $333. Net profit on one acre, $1,417. There is nothing fanciful about these figures; they are the results of actual experience, and should the crop be cut off half by drought or other mishap, the net profits would then be over seven hundred dollars per acre, which is pretty fair farming.

VALUE OF THE SUNFLOWER.—Agriculturists claim it is the best egg producing food known for poultry, keeping them in a thriving condition and largely increasing the production of eggs. Every poultry raiser who tries it will find that this seed is the best food known for glossing the plumage of fowls, and is almost indispensable to those who want to fit their birds for exhibition to the best advantage. The Russian sunflower is easily raised, requires very little care, can be grown in fence corners, or other places difficult to cultivate. Its production of seed is immense, yielding often at the rate of one hundred bushels to the acre. It should be planted in hills four feet apart, any time from the tenth of May to the first of July. Three quarts of seed will plant an acre

A HINT TO FARMERS.—Isn't it a great mistake for farmers to crowd all their stock, farming implements, provender and grain, into their barns, so that if the barn takes fire, the flames destroy everything at one fell swoop? Wouldn't it be better to have hay, straw, fodder and grain under barracks at a safe distance from the buildings? And would it not be better to have horses and cattle housed in a stable separate from the barn? In a word, is it prudent and economical to build large and costly barns and store them with the most inflamable material, so that the structure and contents may be reduced to ashes.

F. P. CLARK of Conesus, had a horse cured of stiff fore joints a couple of weeks ago in rather a novel way. His hired man was at work with the horse in a potato lot, and as a hard hail storm came up, he unhitched the animal, and with it made for the shelter of a big oak tree some rods distant. When ten or twelve feet from the tree the horse was knocked to his knees by a thunderbolt, and the man was stunned and covered with dust and sawdust from the tree. He was also cut in the face and hurt on the body by the flying bark, and in no place seriously. The horse has not been stiff since.

A WESTERN fruit-grower says: "All the early fruit and all the large fruit grow on the first vine. I have never seen a large melon or pumpkin grow on a branch or lateral vine. All the fine melons grow on the first vine. The nearer the fruit gets to the root (or hill) the earlier it will ripen. If the first and second drop off (as is sometimes the case in cold wet seasons), the fruit will not be very profitable, as it is the early melons that bring the money."

THE greasy look of butter, as if cut with a warm knife, is not always due to overworking. It may be caused by the feed. Too much cotton-seed meal often causes it, and we would caution those who desire to make a strictly first-class article in appearance, as well as flavor, not to use cotton-seed meal or oil meal alone, but only as an addition to grain. Churning too rapidly or too long, or having the cream too warm, will also produce the objectionable greasy look.

POTTER'S SEEDLING is the name given a new seedling strawberry, which is claimed to be equal if not superior to the Wilson in keeping qualities. The berry is large in size, waxy in appearance, and bright scarlet in color. In the face of the fact that the Wilson has stood the test against its many hundred competitors for years, owing to its being better suited for transportation to market, the addition of a new berry possessing excellent keeping qualities is a very valuable one.

**A Chancellor's Opinion.**

Hon. James Harlan, ex-Vice Chancellor of Louisville, Ky., a brother of Justice Harlan, U. S. Supreme Court, says of St. Jacob's Oil: "I use it, and I know full well whereof I speak in pronouncing it a most extraordinary cure for all that is claimed for it by its proprietors. Every family should have it."

To dread no eye and to suspect no tongue is the great prerogative of innocence.

**Caution to Dairymen.**

Ask for WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co's. IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR, and take no other. BEWARE of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for every other one is liable to become rancid and spoil the butter into which it is put. If you cannot get it write to us at Burlington, Vt., to know where and how to get it without extra expense. Thousands of tests have been made, and they always prove it the best.

When a thing is once begun, it is almost half finished.

**Solid Chunks of Wisdom.**

The only answer to all criticisms, the true test of all work, is the result, and when Carboline restores the hair we know that it is the best Hair Renewer.

It is a good rule to be deaf when a slanderer begins to talk.


Have you Catarrh? Would you be well? Try one bottle of Borazel.



**RED STAR**
TRADE RED STAR MARK
**COUGH CURE**
*Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poisons.*
**A PROMPT, SAFE, SURE CURE**
For Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Influenza, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Quinsy, Pains in Chest, and other affections of the Throat and Lungs.
Price 50 cents a bottle. Sold by Druggists and Dealers. *Parties unable to induce their dealer to promptly get it for them will receive two bottles, Express charges paid, by sending one dollar to*
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY,
Sole Owners and Manufacturers,
Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A.


## Clippings a la Scissors.

How is your back? If it aches put on a *Hop Plaster*. For Crick, Stitches, Rheumatism, Pains in the Side or Hip, Chest and Lung difficulties or soreness in any part, nothing equals this porous plaster for curing pain and strengthening. Fresh Hops, Burgundy Pitch and Balsams combined. 25c. druggists.

Death and life are in the power of the tongue.

If you use porous plasters the best and strongest one made is the *Hop Plaster*. They kill pain and strengthen the parts. A great many people say so, 25c. dealers.

To get a few flowers, one must sow plenty of seed.—*Whately.*

House wives, shop girls and sales-women usually suffer more or less from Weak Back and Side ache. A *Hop Plaster* applied removes pain and strengthens the parts. Never fails, 25c. druggists.

To live beneath sorrow one must yield to it.

Truth: *Hop Plasters* are absolutely the best and strongest. 25c.

A loving heart is better and stronger than wisdom.—*Dickens.*

"Your *Hop Plaster* cures every time. I do not have that awful pain in the side now," said a lady. The best porous plaster made. 25c. everywhere.

A catalpa tree large enough for four railroad ties can be grown from seed in twenty years.

They are thorough and instant in action, cure pains and aches and strengthen the weak parts. Call for a *Hop Plaster* and get it. 25c.

A Dayton man bathed his feet last week, caught cold and died. Nearly all reformers are martyrs.

After using all the humbug liniments and salves with sure failure, go and buy of your druggist a *Hop Plaster*. The strongest and best external remedy, because possessed of pain killing and strengthening properties. The best porous plaster known.

A human being requires twenty cubic inches of fresh air at each respiration.

If you use porous plasters, the best and strongest one made is the *Hop Plaster*. A great many people say so. 25c. druggists.

The English and Irish Exchequers were amalgamated in 1817.

Where a *Hop Porous Plaster* is applied to any kind of pain or soreness there is no doubt of instant relief and a speedy cure. Only 25c.

A piece of steel is a good deal like a man; when you get it red hot it loses its temper.

To be cured of Backache, Rheumatism, Sideache or Sore Chest for 25c. is cheap. Apply a *Hop Plaster*.

Wales changes his trousers twice a day.

Backache, Rheumatism, Sharp Pains, Kidney Diseases, Pleurisy, Torpid Liver, Sore Chest or pain in any part quickly cured by the *Hop Plaster*. Absolutely the best porous plaster ever known. Of all druggists or by mail. 25c. 5 for $1.00. Proprietors Hop Plaster Co., Boston.

The most voracious eater in the world is a bird—it takes its food by the peck.

Get the best household remedy. *Hop Plasters* for all kinds of pains, aches, strains, lameness or soreness. Magic in action, 25c.

Kansas people call whiskey "the bull" because they take it by the horns.

How is your back? If it aches put on a *Hop Plaster*. For Crick, Swollen Joints and Muscles, Rheumatism, Lame Side, Pains in the Chest, nothing equals this porous plaster in thorough and hearty action. Hops, Burgundy Pitch and Balsams combined. 25c. everywhere.

Poverty want much; but avarice, everything.—*Syrus.*

Everybody knows the soothing and pain allaying virtues of hops. The *Hop Plaster* contains beside Hops, healing and strengthening Gums and Extracts which make it positively the best porous plaster ever made. TRY one and see. 25c. any druggist.

Three people can keep a secret when two of them are dead.

We can convince you that they are without an equal. *Hop Plasters* prepared from the virtues of fresh Hops, Burgundy Pitch, and Canada Balsams, present an elegant external remedy always ready to apply for any kind of Pain or Soreness, Dyspepsia, Torpid Liver, Kidney Diseases, Soreness of the Chest, &c. Vastly more active than any other porous plaster. They soothe, kill pain and wonderfully strengthen the parts. Only 25c. everywhere.

Truthfulness is a corner-stone in character.

**HOP PLASTERS.**

They beat all the plasters ever made because they possess active medicinal properties unknown to other kinds. The complete virtues of fresh Hops combined with Burgundy Pitch and Gums. Greatly superior to other external remedies. Act instantly, cure pain, banish weakness and strengthen the parts. No red pepper to burn and irritate. Get one of your druggist. 25c.

The gifts of common providences are not compared to those of convenant love.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are excellent for the relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective."—*Christian World, London, Eng.*

Of all evils to the generous, shame is the most deadly pang.


FITS: All Fits stopped free. Treatise and $2 00 trial bottle of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.


If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tounge,

**Life Preserver.**

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time.

**"Rough on Toothache."**

Instant relief for neuralgia, toothache, faceache. Ask for "Rough on Toothache." 15&25c.

He who is never guilty of follies, is not so wise as he imagines.

**"Rough on Itch."**

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

Worth begets in base minds envy, in great minds emulation.

**Pretty Women.**

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity. Don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

No man was ever written out of reputation but by himself.

## AGRICULTURE.

APPLES AU BEURRE.—Apples *au beurre* are nice for lunch. Peel and core the apples. Take slices of stale bread a quarter of an inch thick, and then cut them in round pieces about the size of the apple with a paste cutter. Butter each piece, place an apple upon it and fill the hole in the apple with sugar, putting a piece of butter the size of a hazelnut on top. Place the apples and bread in a buttered baking dish, and set in a moderate oven. When half done fill the hole again with sugar, add a pinch of cinnamon, put butter on top as before, and bake until done; serve warm. When the apples are done they may be glazed with apple jelly and put back in the oven for two minutes; this improves the looks of the dish.

PRETTY MANTEL VALANCES.—Mantel valances are now the fashion, and every room in the house must be adorned with one. For housekeepers who have not time to embroider or crochet them, very pretty ones are made out of the flowered chintz, which comes in stripes eight or ten inches broad. One made at a cozy home was in pink and deep brown stripes, with moss roses scattered on each, which, at a little distance, looked as though embroidered. A fringe of blue, brown, pink and white worsted was crocheted to the edge, and the whole was fastened on a shelf with silver-headed tacks

VEAL STEW.—Cut four pounds of veal into strips three inches long and one inch thick, peel twelve large potatoes and cut them into slices an inch thick, spread a layer of veal on the bottom of pot, sprinkle in a little salt and pepper, then layer of potatoes, then layer of veal seasoned as before. Use up veal thus: Over last layer of veal put a layer of slices of salt pork, and over the whole a layer of potatoes. Pour on water till it rises an inch over the whole. Cover close, heat fifteen minutes and simmer an hour.

LEMON CREAM PIE.—The juice and grated rind of one lemon, one cup of white sugar, the yolks of two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sifted flour and rich milk enough to fill your plate or pan. This makes a large pie and should be made with an under crust only. Bake until nearly done, then take it from the oven and spread over it the beaten whites of the two eggs, with two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Eat cool or quite cold.

ADIRONDACK GRIDDLE CAKES.—Mix together, over night, one pint of sour milk and one pint of flour. This is the sacret of the light griddle cakes which so many fishermen remember. In the morning add one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful soda, two eggs, well beaten. Bake on a hot griddle and the result is a foamy griddle cake.

A STUFFY feeling in the head and nose, a sense of feverishness, and of what is happily called "all-overishness," means a cold. The first evening this is apparent, a good basin of the hottest gruel should be taken, dashed with a trifle of the fluid which is generally called "Irish" or "Scotch," according to taste.

If you dip your broom in clean hot suds once a week, and then shake it till it is almost dry, and then hang it up or stand it with the handle down, it will last twice as long as it would without this operation.

GINGER SNAPS.—For ginger snaps take one quart of molasses, one pound of brown sugar, one pound of lard, quarter pound of ground ginger, two ounces of cinnamon, one ounce of soda, one gill of water and four pounds of sifted flour.

COFFEE GROUNDS make a highly successful filling for a pincushion. They must be dried perfectly before using, put them in a bag and hang behind the kitchen stove till you have enough that are dry to fill the cushion. They do not gather moisture, and consequently do not rust the needle.

**All "Played Out."**

"Don't know what ails me lately. Can't eat well,—can't sleep well. Can't work, and don't enjoy doing anything. Ain't really sick, and I really ain't well. Feel all kind o' played out, someway." That is what scores of men say every day. If they would take Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" they would soon have no occasion to say it. It purifies the blood, tones up the system and fortifies it against disease. It is a great anti-bilious remedy as well.

Happiness consists in the constitution of the habits.

**"I Feel So Well."**

"I want to thank you for telling me of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," writes a lady to her friend. "For a long time I was unfit to attend to the work of my household. I kept about, but I felt thoroughly miserable. I had terrible backaches, and bearing-down sensations across me and was quite weak and discouraged. I sent and got some of the medicine after receiving your letter, and it has cured me. I hardly know myself. I feel so well."

Sincerity is to speak as we think, and be what we seem to be.

Don't disgust everybody by hawking, blowing and spitting, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and be cured.

Men often judge the person but not the cause, which is not justice but malice.


**CONSUMPTION CURED.**

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester*, N. Y.


Good taste is the flower of good sense.


**Frazer Axle Grease**

is the very best. A trial will prove we are right. Received first premium at State Fair, Centennial, and Paris Exposition.

# March April May

Are the months to purify the blood, as the body is now most susceptible to benefit from medicine. Impurities which have accumulated during the cold weather, when you have been too much within doors, must be expelled or serious results may follow. The testimony of thousands, as to the great benefit derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla, should convince everybody that it is the very best blood purifier and spring medicine. Take it now.

**Purify the Blood**

"I have been troubled with scrofulous humor and sores breaking out all over my body for the last fifteen years. I have taken four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it has entirely cured me. I recommend it very highly to any one troubled with scrofula, or any blood disease." HENRY BIGGS, 1819 Campbell Street, Kansas City, Mo.

"I have prescribed Hood's Sarsaparilla as an alterative and blood purifier, and for indigestion, with the best results." D. S. DYSON, M. D., Bloomington, Ill.

Your blood may be laden with impurities, but Hood's Sarsaparilla will thoroughly cleanse, enrich, and vitalize it. The most severe cases of scrofula, salt rheum, boils, pimples,—in fact all affections arising from impure blood, yield to Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. It also cures dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, kidney and liver complaints, sharpens the appetite, and builds up the whole system.

**Sharpen the Appetite**

"I had no appetite, and felt tired all the time. When I had taken half a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla my appetite was restored, and my stomach felt better. I have now taken nearly three bottles and I never was so well in my life." MRS. JESSIE F. DOLBEARE, Pascoag, R. I.

"I used Hood's Sarsaparilla last spring and can truly say it helped me very much. To those suffering with bilious complaints, nervous prostration, or rheumatism, I earnestly recommend it." MRS. E. CARPENTER, Kalamazoo, Mich.

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

**100 Doses One Dollar.**

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

**100 Doses One Dollar.**


THE editor of the Nebraska Farmer proposes crossing the Berkshire and Chester Whites both ways, with a view of producing a new breed of swine, something which will surpass in excellence anything in the hog line.


**Thousands Hastened to their Graves.**

By relying on testimonials written in vivid glowing language of some miraculous cures made by some largely puffed up doctor or patent medicine has hastened thousands to their graves; the readers having almost insane faith that the same miracle will be performed on them, that these testimonials mention, while the so-called medicine is all the time hastening them to their graves. Although we have

**Thousands Upon Thousands!!**

of testimonials of the most wonderful cures, voluntarily sent us, we do not publish them, as they do not make the cures. It is our medicine, Hop Bitters, that makes the cures. It has never failed and never can. We will give reference to any one for any disease similar to their own if desired, or will refer to any neighbor, as there is not a neighborhood in the known world but can show its cures by Hop Bitters.

**A Losing Joke.**

'A prominent physician of Pittsburg said to a 'a lady patient who was complaining of her con-'tinued ill health, and of his inability to cure her, 'jokingly said: "Try Hop Bitters!" The lady took 'it in earnest and used the Bitters, from which 'she obtained permanent health. She now laughed 'at the doctor for his joke, but he is not so well 'pleased with it, as it cost him a good patient.

**Fees of Doctors.**

The fee of doctors at $3.00 a visit would tax a man for a year, and in need of a daily visit, over $1,000 a year for medical attendance alone! And one single bottle of Hop Bitters taken in time would save the $1,000 and all the year's sickness.

**Given up by the Doctors.**

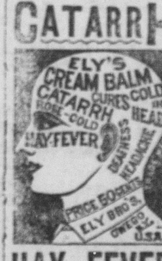
"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters, and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die, from Kidney and Liver trouble!"

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

*This remedy contains no injurious drugs.*

**CATARRH** Ely's Cream Balm




when applied into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane from fresh colds, completely heals the sores and restores the senses of taste, smell and hearing. It is

NOT A LIQUID OR SNUFF.

A few applications relieve. *A thorough treatment will cure.* Agreeable to use. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Send for circular.

**HAY-FEVER**

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

**A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.**
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
**Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier**

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty and defies detection. It has stood the test of thirty years and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished

Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the HAUT TON (a fashionable): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

MME. M. B. T. GOURAUD, Sole Prop., 48 Bond St., N.Y.

For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canadas and Europe. Also found in N. Y. City, at R. H. Macy's, Stern's, Ehrich's, Ridley's, and other Fancy Goods Dealer. Beware of base imitations. $1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

**AGENTS** WANTED for the MISSOURI STEAM WASHER!

It will pay any intelligent man or woman seeking profitable employment to write for Illustrated Circular and terms of Agency for this Celebrated Washer, which by reason of its intrinsic merit is meeting with such wonderful success. J. WORTH, CHICAGO, ILL., or ST. LOUIS, MO.

**BORAZEL** PROVED to be "The True Remedy for NASAL CATARRH," by many trials under the observation of several eminent physicians. An agreeable, direct application. Prepared by a skilful chemist. In opal bottles. Mailed on receipt of price, 50c. in 2-cent stamps. Pamphlet free. Address YALE CHEMICAL CO., New Haven, Conn.

AGENTS WANTED for Marvel ous Wonders of the Polar World. Superbly Illustrated. Full account of the Greely Expedition. Selling very fast. Send for Circulars. Address NATIONAL PUB. CO., Phila., Pa.

**OPIUM** Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

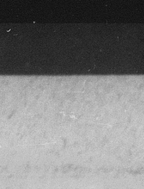
SMOKE "THEO" SOLD EVERYWHERE
**5 CENTS.** Made only by the N. Y. & HAVANA CIGAR CO., 97 Broad. Positively the Best. WKS. N. Y. ASK FOR IT.

THE WORLD'S WONDERS and Official History of the Greely Expedition. Grand new book just out. Sells everything. Salary or com. to Agents. Write quick for special terms. Historical Pub. Co., Phila., Pa.

**CARDS** Sample Book, Premium List, Price List sent free. U. S. CARD CO., Centerbrook, Conn.

**$65** A MONTH & board for 3 live young Men or Ladies in each county. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia.

**WORK SHOPS**
WITHOUT STEAM POWER
BY USING OUTFITS OF
**Barnes' Patent Foot Power**



machinery can compete with steam power. Sold on trial. Metal and woodworkers send for prices. Illustr'd catalogue free. W. F. & Jno. Barnes CO., Rockford, Ill.
Address No. 396 Ruby Street.

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**OUR WILD INDIANS**
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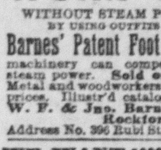

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# THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., MAR. 25, 1885.


## ATTACKED BY WEASLES.

*The Remarkable Experience of a Northern Pennsylvania Farmer.*

Olena, March 18.—Delos Lante, an Elk county farmer, has been annoyed greatly this winter by weasles in his poultry yard and houses, the bloodthirsty animals having killed his fowls by the score, and defied all efforts to trap them. On Saturday Mr. Lante was walking through a stony field on his farm, and saw a weasel run into a big heap of stones piled loosely in the middle of the field. He had a walking stick and going to the pile began to throw down stones to get at the weasel or scare it out. Presently a weasel jumped out, and he struck at it with his cane. It did not run away, but sprang at Lante's throat—the spot a weasel instinctively tries to seize. The farmer struck at it again and hit it, but it returned gamely to the attack, and, whether in answer to a signal or not the farmer does not know, weasels began to swarm out of the stone pile on all sides, and in a second were springing upon Lante, climbing nimbly up his clothes, trying to reach his face. They bit him with their sharp teeth, and finding that he would be unable to keep the savage little bloodsuckers from fastening their teeth in his neck without help, he shook them off as best he could and started at the top of his speed for home. The weasels followed him until he scaled the fence. His hands were bleeding from a dozen wounds, and if he had remained to fight the weasels would undoubtedly have overpowered and killed him. In the afternoon Mr. Lante returned to the stone pile with two men, two guns and a dog. They routed out the weasels and killed thirty—a colony which had been devastating the neighborhood for a year and more.

## NEVER GIVE UP.

If you are suffering from low and depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, disordered blood, weak constitution, headache, or any diseases of a bilious nature, by all means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapid improvement that will follow; you will be inspired with new life; strength and activity will return; pain and misery will cease, and henceforth you will rejoice in the praise of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50 cents a bottle by J. Zeiler & Son, Bellefonte.

## M. E. CHURCH APPOINTMENTS.

Altoona District—George Leidy, presiding elder. Altoona—Chestnut avenue, W V Ganoe; Eighth Avenue, Samuel Greighton; First church, G D Pennepacker; Simpson church, J T Wilson; Bellefonte, M K Foster; Birmingham, George Guyer; Clearfield, James Curns; Clearfield circuit, G P Sarvis; Coalport, G W Baker; Curwensville, J B Shaver; Duncannon, H S Mendenhall; Glen Hope, Elisha Shoemaker; Grahamton, W W Reese; Half Moon, W R Whitney; Hollidaysburg, J E Bell; Houtzdale, J A Demoyer; Howard and Beech Creek, Owen Hicks; Logan Valley, J B Akers; Lumber City, E W Wanner; Martinsburg and Roaring Springs, W A Carver; Milesburg and Unionville, A W Guyer; New Washington, J A Mattern; Osceola, W F D Noble; Penn's Valley, Isaac Heckman; Philipsburg, W W Evans; Pine Grove, T A Elliott; Pleasant Gap, A R Lambert; Port Matilda, G A Biddle; Snow Shoe, J B Graham; Tyrone, H C Pardoe; Warrior's Mark, G W Bouse; Williamsburg, George Warren; Woodberry and Pattonville, S H Mortimer; Woodland, J K Lloyd.

Wm. Earnshaw, chaplain of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers at Dayton, Ohio. S. R. Kykes, missionary to China. W. J. Stephenson, transferred to Philadelphia conference.

## A GREAT DISCOVERY.

Mr. Wm. Thomas, of Newton, Ia., says, "My wife has been seriously afflicted with a cough for 25 years, and this spring more severely than ever before. She had used many remedies without relief, and being urged to try Dr. King's new Discovery, did so, with most gratifying results. The first bottle relieved her very much, and the second bottle absolutely cured her. She has not had so good health for thirty years."

Trial bottles free at J. Zeller & Son's, Bellefonte, drug store. Large size $1.

With all other troubles—in Egypt, Ireland and Asia—old England has also been passing through a serious agricultural crisis, in which the ancient proverbial expression, "as good as wheat," lost its force, for the price of that commodity touched the lowest point it has reached in the life of this generation. What brought on the crisis, what were its effects, and what remedies have been proposed, are questions that concern the American almost as much as the Englishman, whether he be a producer or consumer of wheat; and they are very ably and clearly discussed in an article by William E. Bear, editor of the Mark Lane Express, in the North American Review for April. In the same number Charles Dudley Warner presents an interesting "Study of Prison Management," while Robert Buchanan, the English poet, discusses "Free Thought in America," T. V. Powderly "The Army of the Discontented," and Prof. Hunt, "How to Reform English Spelling." The other articles are: "The Law's Delay," by Chief Justice Thomas F. Hargis, and "Characteristics of Persian Poetry," by A. R. Spofford. But what will probably attract the most immediate attention in this number is the new department of "Comments," consisting of brief criticisms of articles that have appeared in the Review. Murat Halstead's political article in the March number is here discussed by three writers—a Democrat, a straight Republican, and an Independent Republican. Richard H. Stoddard comments with a good bit of feeling on Max Muller's "Buddhist Charity," and other correspondents take this pleasant opportunity to offer a single thought where an extended article would perhaps find neither room nor readers.

## 200 LIVES LOST IN A MINE.

Berlin, March 18.—Two hundred and seventeen miners were imprisoned by an explosion of firedamp in a colliery at Camphausen, near Saarbruck, in Rheinish Prussia, this morning. At a late hour this afternoon but seventeen of them had been rescued. It is feared that most of the 200 others have been suffocated.

## IN THE PAWN SHOP.

"There," said the proprietor, leading the way into a little crowded side office off from the main room and placing his hand on the combination of an immense iron safe, "there is something valuable. That would interest you. You like jewelry—old jewelry? There are valuables representing many hundred thousand dollars in that safe. I have four safes altogether, but this contains the most valuables. Time-lock, see?" And he swung the huge iron doors open. What a sight! A miser might have fallen on his knees, and, running his arms up to the elbows into jewels and gold, have died of joy. There were at least two bushels of handsomely-set rings, bracelets, brooches, diamond studs, pins and gold watches, some of old and some of new design. Some of the diamonds and other precious stones were exquisite. There were diamond rings of antique and curious pattern, and there were settings of rubies, carbuncles, and other precious stones. There was one ring, set with a cluster of very large diamonds, which filled the reporter's finger up to the first joint and was so heavy as to be uncomfortable. There was a jewelled necklace of hammered gold, which was worn by one of the favorites in the court of Louis XIV., and a pair of Etruscan gold ear-rings of fine filmy texture, more than two inches long, which were once worn by an empress. So the proprietor of the shop assured the reporter, and their appearance bore out his statement. Then there were many, many old gold watches, some of them very curious. There was one little hunting-case watch of hammered gold, hand made, not more than a inch and a quarter in diameter and about as thick one way as the other, which belonged to Martha Washington, having been made a present to her by some notable in England. In another safe were collected trinkets in still greater quantities but of less value. Hundreds of silver watches were thrown together in heaps with silver spoons, mugs and drinking cups, some of antique pattern. There was also in one of the safes an immense Bible on vellum, giving the Scriptures in twelve languages. It is several hundred years old. The clasps are of heavy parchment or leather.

## A HISTORIC CHAPEL

The chapel in which John Wesley used to preach is on the south side of City Road, in the old part of London. It is an unpretentious brick structure, without a steeple. About fours ago a Sunday-school room was added on the east, but the main auditorium is as it was when John and Charles Wesley preached their famous sermons, there. The pulpit is at the south end, six feet or thereabouts in height and is disconnected from the chapel wall. The Bible which the Wesleys used is preserved and is now in Baltimore, having been temporarily loaned from the chapel. John Wesley is interred immediately in the rear of the chancel and within thirty feet of the pulpit in which he won his fame. His grave is surmounted with a small marble monument, that is now moss-grown and weather-stained and surrounded by a low wooden fence, some of the pickets of which are gone. Charles Wesley's grave, within a dozen feet of his brother's, is marked only be a modest slab, and Susannah Wesley, the mother, is interred immediately across the street in historic Bunhill Fields, and none of her immediate family lie near her. John Bunyan and Isaac Watts, however, are interred in the same cemetery, so she is in good Methodist company.

## THE WEALTH OF THE SEA.

In representing the wealth contained in the sea, Professor Huxley has pointed out that an acre of good fishing ground will yield more food in a week than an acre of the best land will in a year. He also has drawn a vivid picture of a "mountain of cod"—120 to 130 feet in height—which, for two months in the year, moves westward and southward past the Norwegian coast. Every square mile of this colossal column contains 120,000,000 of fishes, which, even on short rations, consume no fewer than 840,000,000 of herrings every week. The whole catch of the Norwegian fisheries never exceeds in a year more than half a square mile of this "cod mountain," and one week's supply of the herrings needed to keep that area of cod from starving. The harvest of the sea is truly inexhaustible.

## A GREAT MEXICAN PYRAMID.

The pyramid of Cheops is dwarfed by that near Magdalena, Mexico. The Chihuahua "*Enterprise*" says that it has a base of thirteen hundred and fifty feet, and is seven hundred and fifty feet high. There is a winding roadway from the bottom, leading up an easy grade to the top, wide enough for carriages to pass over, said to be twenty-three miles in length. The outer walls of the roadway are laid in solid masonary, huge blocks of granite in rubble work, and the circles are as uniform and the grade of regular as they could be made by our best engineers to-day. The wall is only occasionly exposed, being covered with *debris* and earth, and in many places the sahuaro and other indigenous places and trees have grown up, giving the pyramid the appearance of a mountain.

☞ Subscribe for the REPORTER.

## REMINISCENCE OF GEN. GAINES.

Gen. Gaines, familiary known as "the Hero of Fort Erie," was not pleased when Gen. Scott was promoted, although he was then upwards of eighty years of age, and unfit for military duty. Tall, spare and erect, with snow-white hair and keen eyes, he presented a striking contrast to his small, vivacious and energetic wife, who was at that time commencing one of the most celebrated of the *causes celèbres* of the United States. Amiable, courteous and affectionate, Mrs. Gains became a heroic litigant, and went from court to court seeking to establish her rights as the lawful heir of her father, Daniel Clark. Mr. Clark was, in his day, one of the most ambitious young men of New Orleans, who divided the confidence and respect of the people with Gov. Claiborne. He was a high-spirited, ambitious young Irishman, full of energy, and wealthy. Embarking in politics, he was elected the first delegate to Congress from Louisiana, when he forgot the vows to his wife, who had not, at the time of his marriage to her, been divorced from her first husband, a confectioner named De Grange. Their child was Myra Clark, subsequently Mrs. Gaines. At Washington he became infatuated with the beautiful Miss Caton of Baltimore, and he returned to New Orleans, determined to have his marriage with Madame De Grange pronounced illegal, that he might wed Miss Caton. Pecuniary embarrassment fortunately arrested this resolve, and induced a fatal sickness, during which he repented, and sought to make reparation to Myra by making a will in her favor, in which he acknowledged her as his legitimate daughter. When, shortly afterward, he died, the will could not be found, but a previous one was produced which contained no recognition of Myra. Under this will his real estate in the city of New Orleans was administered on and sold. Nor did his daughter Myra, then a child, know anything about her parentage and history until she had grown up and become the wife of Mr. Whitney. She at once commenced the prosecution of her claim to be recognized as the ligitimate daughter and heiress of Daniel Clark. This she continued, and when, after the death of Mr. Whitney, Gen. Gaines addressed her, she consented to become his wife only after he had promised to second her litigation. The great number of persons interested to defeat her, and their large means, rendered the contest apparently a most unequal one. But what has been wanting in means, influence and array of great legal talent has been made by the singular heroism, pertinacity, patience and indomitable will of this remarkable lady.

## SUICIDE OF A SNAKE.

A correspondent writing says: I was one day following one of the large breaking-plows common at that time. It was drawn by five or six yoke of oxen, and there were two men to manage the plow and the team. As we were going along one of the men discovered a rattlesnake, as I remember, about twelve or fourteen inches in length. They rarely exceeded eighteen or twenty inches, so that this one was probably about two thirds grown. The man who first saw it was about to kill it, when the other proposed to see if it could be made to bite itself, which it was commonly reported the rattlesnake would do if angered and proven ted from escaping. Accordingly they poked the snake over into the plowed ground, and then began teasing it with their long whips. Escape was impossible, and the snake soon became frantic at its ineffectual attempts either to injure its assailants or to get away from them. At last it turned upon itself and struck its fangs into its own body, about the middle. The posion seemed to take effect instantly. The fangs were not withdrawn at all; and it not perfectly dead within less than five minutes, it at least showed no signs of life.

That it should die so quickly will not seem strange if it is born in mind that the same bite would have killed a full-grown man in a few hours' time. The men watched it long enough to be sure that it would not be likely to move away and then went on with their work. I trudged around with them for an hour or more, and every time we came where the snake was. I stopped and looked at it, but it never moved again. In this case I do not remember that the snake had been injured at all. I have often heard of rattle-snakes bitting themselves under such circumstances, but this was the only case that ever came under my observation.

## A CRAB-SHELL BAROMETER.

A curious barometer is used by the remnant of the Araucanian race which inhabits the southern-most province of Chili. It consists of the castoff shell of a crab, which is said to be extremely sensitive to atmospheric changes, remaining quite white in fair, dry weather, but indicating the approach of a moist atmosphere by the approach of small red spots, which grow both in number and in size as the moisture in the air increases, until finally, with the actual occurrence of rain, the shell becomes entirely red, and remains so throughout the rainy season.

New line of Woolens for spring and summer, just received at the Merchant Tailoring Department of the Bee Hive.


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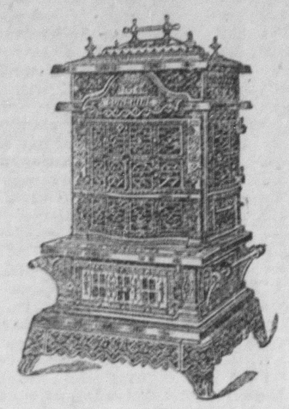

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Dealer in DRUGS, popular Patent Medicines Whiskey, Brandy, Wine, and Holland Gin kept and sold for medicinal purposes only. Store open every day in the week. may7 1y

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO.
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DRUGGISTS, Bellefonte, Pa.
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DRUGS, DRUGS
CHEMICALS,
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WE WANT 1000 more BOOK AGENTS for the greatest and fastest selling book ever published.
OUR FAMOUS WOMEN
This is an entirely new and original work just published, and is the joint production of 20 of our greatest living authors, including *Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Rose Terry Cooke, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Marion Harland, Mary A. Livermore, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Louise Chandler Moulton, Mary Clemmer, Lucy Larcom*, and 11 other well known authors. These TWENTY distinguished writers have given for the first time, the complete history of the Lives and Deeds of our Famous American women, most of whom are now living. Their lives are full of interest, and have been filled with heroic deeds, and how they have won their way from obscurity to fame and glory. For Thrilling Interest, Romantic Story, Spicy Humor, and Tender Pathos, this grand book is without a peer. *The Cincinnati Advocate* says: "*This splendid book represents some of the very best and choicest subscription books we have ever seen.*" It is splendidly illustrated with full page engravings besides many superb portraits *from special photographs*.
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AGENTS! This grand book is now out—sells at sight—10 to 1. Ministers, Teachers, Lawyers, Editors, Farmers, Ladies, Everybody who sees it and reads it becomes delighted. We have agents who have sold over $400 in four consecutive weeks. Parties wanting permanent, profitable employment, should write us at once. We give Extra Terms and pay Freight. Now is the time to make money. ☞ Our Circulars, giving full description, Extracts, etc., sent free. Correspondence invited. Address A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

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Occupies three Buildings. Largest and Best. More positions for graduates than all other schools combined. Life Scholarships, $45. Write for circulars. COLEMAN, PALMS & CO., Proprietors.

BIBLES! Ministers!—Persons wanting a Bible, from $5 up to $18.50—the best and only edition of the kind printed in the state, should hold up their orders for Michael Zeigler, of Millheim, who is canvassing this county. tf

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle. Trade Mark.

THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Sale only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD

DR. THOMAS'

Eclectric Oil!

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD!

A Medicine with curative properties as impossible to counterfeit as the PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT, and which is now having an enormous sale throughout the United States and Canadas.

SCRANTON, Pa. — During the past two years I have used bottles of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for sprains, bruises, burns and Rheumatics. It always cures.—M. L. Blair, Ald. Fifth Ward, Nov. 6 1884.

LOWELL, Mass. — I was badly afflicted with Bronchitis and an affection of the throat. Oil of Rheumatism cured me.—Oliver J. Belle Isle, at East Merrimack Street.

GRAYVILLE, Ills. — In cases of Croup, Sore Throat, Diphtheria, Thomas' Eclectric Oil stands at the top. It never fails to cure. It cured me, and I believe it will cure any case.—C. H. Hall, Grayville, Ill.

DAVENPORT, Iowa — As a remedy for Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil stands at the top. It never fails to cure. It cured me, and I believe it will cure any case.—Wm. S. Rowley, 232 West 4th Street.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

KELLER'S CATARRH-REMEDY

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER OF THE WORLD.

Catarrh has become so prevalent that scarcely a family is exempt, and it is truly the bane of the American race. So many preparations are in the market that *do not cure*, that a *Positive, Sure*, and NEVER-FAILING CURE will be welcomed by all. KELLER'S Catarrh Remedy and Blood Purifier has NEVER failed in a single case where directions are followed. It eliminates from the system the germs, and effectually expels the poison from the Blood, hence success has been wonderful and sales immense. All that is asked for it is a trial. The most obstinate and long-standing cases yield readily to this remedy. *It is perfectly harmless.* Price $1 a bottle, 6 bottles for $5. Upon receipt of $5 by Sam'l P. Keller & Co., Harrisburg, Pa., six bottles will be sent by express, prepaid. *Take no other*, for it is the only preparation that *reaches the seat of the disease* and Cures. Send for circular (or ask your Druggist for one) concerning Cases, Relative Symptoms and Cure of Catarrh. It contains testimonials of authentic and genuine cures. It is also the Best Blood Purifier in the market. For sale by Druggists generally. Wholesale by SAML. P. KELLER & CO., Harrisburg, Pa.; also by JOHNSTON HOLLOWAY & CO., and SMITH, KLINE & CO., Philad'a, Pa.

ISLAND HOME Stock Farm,

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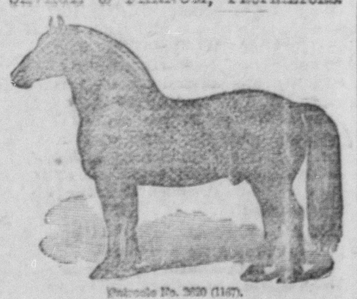
SAVAGE & FARNUM, PROPRIETORS.



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Percheron Horses.

All stock selected from the get of sires and dams of established reputation, and registered in the French and American stud books.

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Is beautifully situated at the head of Grosse Isle in the Detroit River, ten miles below the City, and is accessible by railroad and steamboat. Visitors not familiar with the location may call at city office, 39 Campau Building, and an escort will accompany them to the farm. Send for catalogue, free by mail. Address, SAVAGE & FARNUM, Detroit, Mich.

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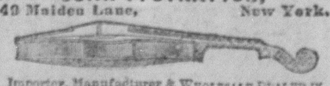

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FOR SALE!

Clydesdale Stallions and Holloway Bulls. The best in America. All from registered Sires in Scotland. All field and pedigrees furnished. Prices Low and Terms Easy. Address, McKAY BROS., Brookside Farm, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Millheim Planing Mill.

Furnishes and Keeps on Hand

SASH — DOORS.

FLOORING OF ALL KINDS,

SIDING, SHUTTERS,

BLINDS,

MOULDING OF ALL KINDS,

STAIR RAILING,

&c., &c. &c., &c., &c.

Terms Reasonable, and all Orders Promptly attended to.

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## A SAILOR'S SUPERSTITION.

Writes a correspondent: "I remember once having the whole crew about my ears because I had got a 'bunny' on board. We were on our passage from Sulina to Antwerp, and we called at Malta for coals. Having an hour or so to spare, I went on shore, and during my walk I bought a large rabbit for one of my boys. I took it on board, and gave it to one of the firemen to take care of, and he made a hutch for it in one of the empty bunkers. Now none of the sailors knew about it then, for you must know there is not much love lost between the sailors and firemen on a steamer. Hitherto, however, we had had exceptionally fine weather. But an hour or so after leaving Malta it come on to blow very heavily, and a strong sea got up for a few days. I noticed the men looking askance at me very much. At last it came out; the sailors had found out that there was a rabbit on board, and that it belonged to me. I argued with them, but to no avail. I pointed out another steamer which was making worse weather than we were. I asked them if they could tell me for certain that she had a rabbit on board. That was not it, they said. One of them had been wrecked three times, another twice; one had been run into and lost everything; and in these cases there had always been a rabbit on board the vessel. I referred them to the steward, who was passing. Now the steward was a bit of an oracle among them. I explained the case to him. Tommy—for that was his name—took it very seriously, weighed it very carefully and thoughtfully in his mind for a few moments, then looked at me with one eye, and at the men with the other, and asked, 'Is it a white one?' I could not help laughing; but I was told *instanter* that it was no 'laughing matter;' it was something serious. I told him that it was a gray rabbit. 'Well,' he said, 'it is not so bad; but it is bad enough.' At last I gave in. I handed poor 'bunny' to one of the firemen to kill and make a pie of. He killed it after eight bells at night, and, when I turned out in the morning, it was as fine weather as one could wish for; and a smile and a sort of expression were on the tars' countenances which said plainly to me, 'Didn't I tell you it was the rabbit?'"

## FIRST GLIMPSE OF HOLLAND.

A very large opal or the inside of a mother-of-pearl shell would make a good background for this thin strip of distant Holland that lies blinking away in the early morning light. A long, narrow ribbon of a picture it makes, with its little spots and dots and splashes of color here and there, as if part of a pattern. By looking throught a glass these dots of various shades and size soon resolve themselves into windmills, cows and sheep, Dutchmen, churches and steeples, and little red-tiled houses with green or blue shutters. I do not pretend that this is a peculiar or striking instance of the first glimpse of a foreign strand consisting of cows, windmills and and steeples—I know of other such places—but I contend that the Dutch sand slip is cleaner, the cows are sleeker and fatter, the windmills more jaunty and active, the cottages more spick and span and more recently but of a toy box, the specks of humanity more rotund and well to-do. Never, except on some other strip of Dutch strand, will you see just such specks as these. And as we draw nearer the shore, and the bits of color take more definite form, there is no mistake—this is Holland, and no other land at all.

## A CURIOUS WILL.

A certain John George, of Lambeth, Eng., who died in 1791, provided for his wife in the following striking way: "Seeing that I have had the misfortune to be married to the aforesaid Elizabeth, who, ever since our union has tormented me in every possible way; that, not content with making game of all my remonstrances, she has done all she could to render my life miserable; that Heaven seems to have sent her into the world solely to drive me out of it; that the strength of Samson, the genius of Homer, the prudence of Augustus, the skill of Pyrrhus, the patience of Job, the philosophy of Socrates, the subtlety of Hannibal, the vigilance of Hermogenes, would not suffice to subdue the perversity of her character; that no power on earth can change her, seeing we have lived apart during the last eight years, and that the only result has been the ruin of my son, whom she had corrupted and estranged from me, weighing maturely and seriously all these considerations, I have bequeathed, and I bequeath, to my said wife Elizabeth the sum of one shilling, to be paid unto her within six months of my death."

Representative J. Randolph Tucker, the intimate friend of Garfield, relates that the latter once asked him if he knew where the National motto, "E Pluribus Unum," came from. Tucker admitted that he did not, "Well," said Garfield, "it comes from a description in Horace of the preparation of Roman salad;" and he turned to it. There, sure enough, was the list of ingredients, and the remark that the result was "e pluribus unum."

Ladies Plush garments made to order at the Bee Hive.

## HAD THE GOOD FORTUNE.

The following story of Turner, the great English painter, is told on the authority of a living artist, and will no doubt be of interest as one of the few authentic anecdotes related of the great landscape painter. Turner, happening one day to pass a paint-shop, noticed in the window a copy of one of the engravings from his famous *Liber Studiorum*. The paint was in a very dirty, ragged state, and Turner naturally felt aggrieved at seeing the work of his hands in this dilapidated condition. Entering the shop he asked to see the master, and when the man came forward, Turner proceeded at once to blame him, in no measured terms, for having neglected so valuable a print, and for having allowed it to become so disfigured. The man protested that it was no fault of his, as he did not offer the engraving for sale in the same state in which he had bought it from some other dealer. This did not satisfy Turner, however, and he and the man continued arguing in this fashion for some time, each making the other more angry by contradiction. At last the print seller lost all patience. "Perhaps, sir," he said, "when you have quite finished what you have to say, you will kindly tell me what you have to do with this engraving, and what business it is of yours whether it is clean or dirty." "This is what I have to do with it," answered the enraged artist. "It was I who drew the original of that print; my name is Turner, and I did every line of that engraving with my own hand. Now do you wonder that I am angry at seeing my work in so disgraceful a state?" "Indeed, sir, replied the print-seller—"so you are the great artist himself? All my life long it has been my wish that I might some day have the good fortune to see Mr. Turner. And now that I have seen him, I sincerely hope that I may never see him any more!"

## SING SING.

Sing Sing was incorporated in 1813, and is now a place with about five thousand inhabitants. The village itself is nearly two hundred feet above the water, and the far-famed prison is built near the river. Sing Sing is a name of Indian origin, it is said, meaning "stone upon stone," or from Ossining, "a strong place." The place was settled in the seventeenth century. The town extends back from the river about a mile, and along the river for about two miles from north to south. There are Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist and Catholic churches, an academy over half a century in operation, a military and other schools, a great many newspapers, cotton-gin and saw factories, lawn-mower, steam-engine, and many other establishments. The prison is also there, completed in 1830, and since that time it has been enlarged to meet the wants of that part of the state. New York is almost entirely supplied with ice from the neighborhood, while Croton lake, near by, contributes daily about sixty million gallons of water to the supply of the Empire City. The water is conveyed from the lake, which is chiefly by a dam being built across it, through an aqueduct thirty-three miles long, right on to New York. The aqueduct is built of stone, brick, and cement, arched above and below, seven feet eight inches wide at the top, and six feet three inches at the bottom, and the side walls being eight feet five inches high.

## HATS OUR FATHERS WORE.

The fashion in headgear for men and boys has undergone a great change during the last thirty years. Now caps of cloth are rarely seen except on men in uniform or on foreign arrivals, and the silk hat is worn more than anything else, though the felt hat is usurping the place of both these head coverings, especially for young men in the middle class, except when some state occasion demands the traditional "tall hat," and there are very few wearers of these who know their composition. Once, when the "beaver" hat was actually a beaver skin fashioned into a hat, the name was appropriate. Subsequent improvements reduced the price of "beavers" by changing the material, which became beaver fur—sometimes cheaper fur—attached by a glue or cement to a hat body of felt. Still later the fur was replaced by a silk plush, glued on to a felt form or body. But of the late years even the felt body has been discarded discarded for one of coarse muslin or canvas, steeped in the same stiffening liquor used on the felt body—shellac dissolved in alcohol—and receiving the outer covering of silk plush by the melting of the lac glue by means of a hot iron.

The tallest bird known to ethnologists was found by Professor Herbert in the lower cocene deposits near Paris, France. It was over twelve feet in height, and could have bitten a man's head off as easily as a woodpecker can nip a cherry. We cannot be too thankful that this bird has gone out of fashion and existence. Ladies would have wanted to wear it on their hats, and men who sat behind such bonnets or ornaments in the theatres would be unable to see whether a ballet or a prayer meeting were in progress on the stage.

——Our black silk at 75cts, $1, $1.10 $1.25 are 40 per cent under value. Greatest bargains at Bee Hive.

## SECRETARY LAMAR SUSTAINS THE FORFEITURE OF CERTAIN RAILROADS.

Washington, March 16.—Secretary Lamar has addressed the following letter of instructions to the commissioner of the general land office, concerning the disposition of the forfeited land grant of the Texas Pacific Railroad Company:

"I am in receipt of your letter of the 11th instant suggesting instructions under the act of February 28, 1885, 'to declare the forfeiture of the land grant to the Texas Pacific railroad company, and for other purposes.'

"I approve the recommendation as made to the effect that a notice be given by publication, for at least thirty days in each of the several districts, that the lands have been restored by the acts, that the books of the respective offices are open for entry, and the location of the same, at the rate of $2 50 per acre, as provided for under the homestead, preemption and other general laws of the United States relating to the disposal of the unoffered public lands."

## A CLEAR HEAD AND A STRONG HEART.

If you muddle your brains with any of the whiskey compounds which are sold under the name of "bitters," and which topers delight in for stimulants, you do your system irreproachable mischief. Brown's Iron Bitters is none of these. It promotes healthy action of the heart, liver and stomach. It cleanses and enriches the blood, and fits the brain for the best mental work. The best physicians prescribe it, and it is well worthy of trial by all.

## SHORTAGE IN THE WHEAT CROP

Milwaukee, March 17.—S. W. Tallmage is in receipt of late information in relation to the area, condition and present outlook of the winter wheat crop. The report shows the acreage to be largely decreased as compared with last year. The condition is very unfavorable and the prospects for a fair yield most unpromising. A decreased acreage of from 5 to 30 per cent is reported, aggregating 3,910,000 acres. This shortage, at the average yield of last year (13 bushels) will show a falling off of 59,800,000 bushels. And to this the reported damage by winter killing and other causes, which will average at least 15 per cent, these States producing last year 340,000,000 bushels, and show a further falling off of 51,000,000 bushels, making from the present indications a total shortage in the yield of these 17 States of 101,800,000.

## MOB LAW IN PANAMA.

Panama, March 18.—Another outbreak has occurred here, owing to Aizpuru declaring himself president. Stores are being pillaged and the mob threatens to burn the city. Marines from a United States steamer are ready to land. English forces are guarding the Panama railroad property.

## Neuralgia of the Face.

Capt. John Orr, Pearlington, Miss., has been a most intense sufferer from facial neuralgia for over twenty years. He has had seventeen operations performed on the nerves—that is, had them divided, cut off close to the bone from which they emerge. But this never did him any good; the most excruciating pain continued without the least interruption. He often wished for death to relieve him of the intolerable pain. The best physicians failed to relieve him. They finally advised him to consult Drs. Hartman & Miller, at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, which he did. They prescribed PERUNA, and in less than a month was entirely relieved of the pain. Before consulting these doctors the least touch to any part of his face or nose would cause the most fearful pain, while now he can blow his nose and wipe his face without the least fear of pain. The captain is grateful beyond measure for this unexpected and unhoped for result.

Mrs. Elizabeth Kenner, 98 Laurel street, New Orleans, has been one of the greatest sufferers from Neuralgia of the face during the past year that we have ever heard of. From morning to night, and from night to morning, there was one constant, racking, tearing, burning pain, extending clear around her head and deep down through every muscle, tooth and bone in her face. No rest and no sleep. All physicians failed to relieve her, as well as all remedies. She was constantly in the most agonizing despair. She called on Dr. Hartman, who said the cause was chronic catarrh. He prescribed PERUNA for her and now every pain has left her. She feels like another person and can eat heartily and sleep soundly.

Mrs. C. J. Miles, Gallipolis, O., writes: "DR. S. B. HARTMAN & Co., Columbus, O. My affliction has been rheumatism, located in the right arm and shoulder, of more than two years' standing, and after trying a great many remedies without any relief, I commenced the use of PERUNA, which, after using three bottles, found a decided change for the better. I continued to use it and now feel entirely well."

Huldah Ward, Wellston, O., writes: "I have been afflicted for years with that dreaded disease, catarrh. I tried a great many different kinds of medicine, but to no effect. I commenced taking your PERUNA about nine months ago; have taken about ten bottles. It is doing me much good. By its continued use I hope to be entirely cured."

Dr. A. B. Lovejoy, Dadeville, Ala., writes: "I have a fine run on your PERUNA and MANALIN. Please send me a lot of books, "The Ills of Life."

WANTED! Energetic, reliable men to sell Trees, Grape Vines, Shrubs, Roses, &c. SALARIES and *expenses paid. Experience* not *essential. Full instructions given inexperienced men.* Address, Le CLARE & HERRICK, Brighton, N. Y. *One mile east of Rochester.*

D. Z. EVANS, JR.

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PRODUCE

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

56 N. Water Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Consignments of all kinds of Country Produce solicited. Quick Sales, Good Prices and Prompt Returns is our motto. We have excellent facilities for obtaining good prices for Butter, Eggs, Poultry, (live or dressed,) Lard, Tallow, Cheese, Potatoes, Fruit, (dried or fresh,) Corn, Oats, Hay, Live Stock; in fact, everything the farmer produces, either in car loads or small lots. Tags, stencils and price lists furnished free.

☞ We refer to the editor of this paper. eow

If you want good shoulder braces, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, and at reasonable prices, go to the Centre Hall drug store. J. D. MURRAY, Druggist.

11jun tf

DO YOU KNOW THAT —LORILLARD'S CLIMAX— PLUG TOBACCO

With Red Tin Tag; Rose Leaf Fine Cut Chewing NAVY CLIPPINGS, and Black, Brown and Yellow SNUFFS are the best and cheapest, quality considered? 1aug 7.

# HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

**Heating Stoves. Cooks & Ranges,**

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the

CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.

In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER

In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.

A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand

WILSON, McFARLANE & CO

Millheim Marble Works.

A. C. MUSSER,

(Successor to Deininger & Musser.)

Dealer in

Monuments, Headstones.

Tombs and Coping in Marble or Granite

WORK DONE AT REASONABLE PRICES.

☞ Shop East of Bridge, Main St.

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$200,000 in presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in more money than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

## GUGGENHEIMER'S.

A fine selection of silk handkerchiefs and gent's neck-wear, for the holidays, at Guggenheimers.

.....O.....

An immense stock of the best styles youths' and boys' caps, at Guggenheimers.

.....O.....

Buffalo and wolf robes, lap robes, and horse blankets of all grades, at Guggenheimers.

.....O.....

A large stock of flanel shirts, at Guggenheimers.

.....O.....

Hides of all kinds wanted at Guggenheimers, and highest market price in Cash paid for same.

.....O.....

Guggenheimers is the only exclusive leather store in Centre county. 3d'c.tf

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE. IN EFFECT NOV. 17, 1884. Daily Except Sunday.

| | Leave Westward. 1 A.M. | 3 A.M. | 5 A.M. | 7 P.M. | 9 P.M. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Montandon | 5.50 | 9.20 | 10.20 | 1.45 | 5.30 |
| Lewisburg, ar. | 6.00 | 9.30 | 10.35 | 2.00 | 6.10 |
| Lewisburg, lv. | 7.25 | | 10.35 | 2.15 | |
| Fair Ground | 7.30 | | 10.40 | 2.20 | |
| Biehl | 7.40 | | 10.51 | 2.30 | |
| Vicksburg | 7.45 | | 11.00 | 2.36 | |
| Millmiburg | 8.00ar. | | 11.20 | 2.50 | |
| Millmiburg, lv | 8.00 | | | 1e3.00 | |
| Mifflinburg | 8.22 | | | 3.28 | |
| Laurelton | 8.32 | | | 3.40 | |
| Coburn | 9.48 | | | 5.00 | |
| Rising Spring | 10.15 | | | 5.30 | |
| Centre Hall | 10.30 | | | | |
| Linden Hall | 11.00 arrive | | | | |
| Oak Hall | 11.10 arrive | | | | |

| | Leave Eastward. 2 A.M. | 4 | 6 | 8 | 10 P.M. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Oak Hall | | | | | 1.10 |
| Linden Hall | | | | | 1.48 |
| Centre Hall | | | | | 1.28 |
| Rising Spring | 5.50 | | | | 1.50 |
| Coburn | 6.18 | | | | 2.20 |
| Laurelton | 7.30 | | | | 3.40 |
| Millmont | 7.40 | | | | 3.52 |
| Millmiburg, ar. | 8.00 | A.M. | | P.M. | 4.13 |
| Millmiburg, lv. | 8.00 | | | 12 10 | 4.13 |
| Vicksburg | 8.15 | | | 12.26 | 4.28 |
| Biehl | 8.20 | | | 12.34 | 4.34 |
| Fair Ground | 8.30 | | | 12.45 | 4.45 |
| Lewisburg, ar. | A.M 8.35 | | | 12.50 | 4.50 |
| Lewisburg, lv. | 5.25 8.55 | | 10.00 | 1.05 | 5.25 |
| Montandon | ar.5 40 ar.9.10 | | ar.10.40 | ar.1.20 | ar.5.40 |

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

CHAS. F PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Ag't

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD — (Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May, 11, 1884

WESTWARD.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| ERIE MAIL | leaves | Philadelphia | 11 20 p m |
| " | " | Harrisburg | 3 30 a m |
| " | " | Montandon | 5 40 a m |
| " | " | Williamsport | 7 25 a m |
| " | " | Jersey Shore | 7 57 a m |
| " | " | Lock Haven | 8 25 a m |
| " | " | Renovo | 9 50 a m |
| " | arr at | Erie | 6 00 p m |
| NEWS EXPRESS | leaves | Philadelphia | 4 30 a m |
| " | " | Harrisburg | 8 10 a m |
| " | " | Montandon | 10 12 a m |
| " | " | Williamsport | 11 45 a m |
| " | arr at | Lock Haven | 12 20 p m |
| NIAGARA EXP. | leaves | Philadelphia | 7 40 a m |
| " | " | Harrisburg | 11 25 a m |
| " | " | Montandon | 1 32 a m |
| " | arr at | Williamsport | 2 35 p m |
| " | " | Lock Haven | 3 55 p m |
| " | " | Renovo | 5 05 p m |
| " | " | Kane | 9 25 p m |

Passengers by this train arrive in Belleronte at 5 05 p m

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| FAST LINE | leaves | Philadelphia | 11 10 p m |
| " | " | Harrisburg | 3 25 p m |
| " | " | Montandon | 5 50 p m |
| " | " | Williamsport | 7 40 p m |
| " | " | Lock Haven | 8 05 p m |
| " | arr at | Renovo | 9 15 p m |

(Sunday Train.)

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| SUNDAY MAIL | leaves | Philadelphia | 4 30 a m |
| " | " | Harrisburg | 7 40 a m |
| " | " | Montandou | 9 37 a m |
| " | " | Williamsport | 10 40 a m |
| " | " | Lock Haven | 11 33 a m |
| " | " | arrives Renovo | 12 30 p m |

EASTWARD.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| SEA SHORE EXP. | leaves | Lock Haven | 7 00 a m |
| " | " | Jersey Shore | 7 29 a m |
| " | " | Williamsport | 8 10 a m |
| " | " | Montandou | 9 16 a m |
| " | arr at | Harrisburg | 11 30 a m |
| " | " | Philadelphia | 3 15 p m |
| DAY EXPRESS | leaves | Kane | 6 00 a m |
| " | " | Renovo | 10 05 a m |
| " | " | Lock Haven | 11 15 a m |
| " | " | Williamsport | 12 35 p m |
| " | " | Montandou | 1 56 p m |
| " | arr at | Harrisburg | 3 48 p m |
| " | " | Philadelphia | 7 25 p m |
| WMP'T ACN | leaves | Renovo | 3 40 p m |
| " | " | Lock Haven | 5 00 p m |
| " | " | Williamsport | 6 35 p m |
| " | " | Montandou | 7 49 p m |
| " | arrives at | Harrisburg | 10 25 p m |
| " | " | Philadelphia | 3 05 a m |

Sunday Train—Williamsport Accom'n East runs also on Sundry.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| ERIE | MAIL | leaves Erie | 2 20 p m |
| " | " | Renovo | 10 40 p m |
| " | " | Lock Haven | 11 45 p m |
| " | " | Williamsport | 1 00 a m |
| " | " | Montandou | 2 05 a m |
| " | arr at | Harrisburg | 4 20 a m |
| " | " | Philadelphia | 7 50 a m |

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

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### BETWEEN OURSELVES.

Because heneyes to me and you
The brightest are and bluest,
Shall storms arise between us two,
The oldest friends and truest?
She smiles on me, my heart is light,
And yours is steeped in sorrow,
And yet the flowers I gave to-night
She'll throw to you to-morrow—
Coquette is she, so say with me,
"Let him who wins her wear her;
And fair—however fair she be,
There's many a lassie fairer."

But if it hap, and well it may,
That each in vain has pleaded,
If all my songs are thrown away,
And all your sighs unheeded.
We'll vow ourselves no hermit's vows,
We'll cross no foaming billow,
We'll bind about our dismal brows
No wreath of mournful willow.
But show, in spite of her disdain,
We yet can live without her,
And joining hands we'll laugh again,
And think no more about her!

### THE FRUIT FAIR.

It was old Mrs. Knapp's opinion that her Adam had condescended a great deal in engaging himself to Jane Hedley's girl, Melinda. And, indeed, Melinda was more flattered than she would have acknowledged, for when times were hardest Mrs. Hedley had taken in washing, and the Knapps were never anything but farmers, and a "very good family" of the neighborhood. To be sure, the farm was small, and there was not much money in it, and Adam worked hard, as did his mother. Still, to think of being mistress of such a place, having a best parlor of the grandeur of the Knapps' front room, a spare room for company, and, no doubt, black silk for church, was a great dream for Milly Hedley, who had carried home baskets of linen to the hotel in her time. She never owned it, but she was proud of her elevation, beside being fond of Adam.

He might have been a little fonder of dancing and less fond of reading, she thought; but it was "genteel," too, to be serious and given to books, and it never would have occurred to her to find fault with it, but rather to wish that she herself had more of his "genteel ways."

They had been "engaged" a good while, and she knew he would ask her to set the day soon, and had even thought over what she would wear on her wedding day.

In fact, she was looking at some artificial flowers in the milliner's show-case when she first saw that young traveling salesman. He was dressed splendidly. He wore kid gloves, and had what Milly thought a diamond pin in his cravat. The dainty bag he wore over his shoulder was only an addition to his traveling toilet, and the gay bonnet pins, of which he carried samples, were simply gorgeous to Milly's eyes. There was a gentleman, thought Mily, and she stared at him without intending to do so.

The young man was not blind to admiring glances.

"Perhaps the young lady might like to see these pins. They're the newest thing out," said the drummer. "No charge for looking. What we strive for is to please the ladies." And he spread his wares before her eyes.

The milliner was very polite. She always fulfilled her social obligations, and it struck her to be her duty to introduce these two persons before her counter.

"Oh! Miss Hedley," she said, "this is Mr. Fairer. He's brought me samples from New York for five years. Used to be we had to go on to purchase. We've got things brought to our doors now. I'll make a list of my orders, Mr. Fairer."

She went to her desk and began to write, and Milly and young Fairer talked. She was pretty, and he thought her flirtable.

"I'm going to stay here three weeks," he said. "My mother lives here, and I've got—well, some other friends on rom the East. I'll see you again. I'd be sorry not to, for you are good for sore eyes, you are."

It was not a delicate compliment, but Milly did not know much of the world. She understood that he meant she was pretty.

When Miss Chip came back, and Milly felt that she must go, young Fairer repeated that they should be sure to see each other again.

"She's going to be married soon. Mr. Fairer," said Miss Chip, looking after her, "to Adam Knapp, up there on the hill.

"That don't make any difference to me, you know, Miss Chip," said Fairer, "if you mean it for a warning."

"Well, no, of course it don't," said Miss Chip, "and I only meant it for a bit of news."

But for all that, at the end of a fortnight Milly blushed and laughed to think that she had met Fairer six times.

"It can't be all chance," said she.

"The Agricultural Exhibition," as it was called on the bills—the Fruit Fair, as the girls and boys dubbed it—was to come off very soon. Melinda was very busy with her dress, her pink bonnet, her new dress made of what the gentlemen at the store choose to call Japanese grenadine, her sash, her scarf, her low-cut shoes and bright stockings—each pulled for old Mrs. Hedley's purse, as if it had been a double tooth.

"However, I suppose you had ought to do the Knapps credit," said the old lady, when the daughter stood before her dressed in all her splendor, "and you do look genteel."

Milly nodded an assent, and hurried away.

Down at the end of the lane stood a little two-seated vehicle, drawn by a smart-looking brown horse. In it sat the young drummer, in all his bravery, more elegant than ever

"Hop in, Miss Milly," was his elegant address, "and if I don't take you over to the fair in 2:40 we'll know about it."

Milly jumped in. Off went the brown horse. Milly was enraptured. She felt that this was indeed style. What was the Knapps' wagon, drawn by white-eyelashed Dobbin, to this flight along the road, in such a turnout, with such a driver?

"I always take toll at a bridge," said Mr. Fairer, as they rattled over one, and caught a kiss.

Milly had a vision of a brown-stone house, with high steps, in Fifth avenue, on the instant. How much a commercial traveler's salary was she did not know; but she fancied that one who dressed like a prince would live like one.

What would Adam Knapp think when she broke with him? She turned her engagement ring around on her finger under her glove. It was only plain gold.

On Mr. Fairer's little finger sparkled a diamond to match the one on his cravat.

"Isn't it time you dressed for the fair, Adam," said Mrs Knapp, out of the kitchen window, to her son, moodily setting on the door-step.

"I don't think I'll go. Milly said she don't care to," said Adam, gloomily chewing grass.

"Oh," sighed Mrs. Knapp, "I *was* so set on going, I did so calculate on it. Got my new bonnet and all. What a shame!"

Adam looked up. His heart was heavy, but he loved his mother.

"Well, I'll be shot if you shan't go, then, ma!" he said. "I'll fix up right away."

Mrs. Knapp brightened, and went to put on the new bonnet.

"Adam, I wouldn't put up with any airs from Milly Hedley, if I was you," she said, as she took her seat in the wagon; "she's not the best girl in the world, nor the prettiest."

Adam said nothing.

They drove slowly to the fair ground, for Dobbin was old, and they did not meet Milly and her cavalier in the crowd.

The big apples, the bright peaches, the melons, the grapes made a great show. The music played, Squire Fisher made a speech, Judge Abbott followed. Prizes were awarded. People ate ice-cream and drank tea. There was a Punch and Judy show, a bird fortune-teller, and a swing that held six people, on the grounds; but big black clouds began to gather in the sky, and the sun hid his light before noon.

Milly and her cavalier were eating ice-cream in a bower built for the purpose and baptized the "Rosebud Dairy;" when suddenly the small boy who held the horse came to Mr. Fairer's side and whispered to him. With an apology he started up and ran away, returning in a moment or so, very pale and with a queer, frightened look in his eyes.

"'Tisn't very polite, Miss Milly," said he, "but I've got to leave you. You can get some of your friends to take you home, I suppose You see my wife is here. I knew she was at mother's, but I never thought she'd come to the fair. She's got into my trap to give me a pleasant surprise, and I'm to drive her back. She's very jealous; a great deal older than me, you know, and she's got all the money in the family. I've told her I was talking to an old milliner woman about an order, so don't you show your pretty face. It's very mean, you know, to you, but a quiet life before all. Ain't there some stage I can give you your fare to go back on?" and he put a dollar on the table.

Milly, with a furious look, pushed it toward him.

"Do you think I'd have come with you at all if I'd thought you were a married man?" she said.

But he was off. Happily no very observant people were in the "Dairy."

She waited until the brown horse trotted away, and then stole out of the dairy, leaving the dollar where Fairer had left it on the table. She hurried toward the road, her heart beating, her face scarlet; her whole being crushed with a sense of degradation.

Not only had she been fooled and insulted, but she had done what in her eyes was the greatest wickedness possible—"Kept company with a married man."

She plodded up the road with fourteen miles before her, and the dust of a rising storm about her, with only one wish, to hide her head in her little bed at last, and there die.

Old Dobbin was making his slow way home before the Knapps' wagon Mrs. Knapp was proud and happy. Adam had received the prize for dwarf pears. The rain beat down, but the oil-cloth covering kept it off pretty well, and half their journey was over when, suddenly, Adam stopped with a jerk; his mother gave a cry.

"What's the matter?" said she.

"I'd have run over somebody next," he said, and jumped out.

Lying in the road, straight before the wagon, was a woman covered with mud, and quite insensible. He picked her up and came toward the wagon.

"Mother!" he cried, in a sort of shriek. "Mother, light the lantern. If I ain't crazy it's my poor Milly."

The lantern was lit. Milly it proved to be—Milly in a dead faint, with all her finery in a wet heap about her; and ignorant of the facts as they were, the mystery of her being there was tremendous. They took her home to her mother, and Mrs. Hedley, believing as she did that Milly had intended to go to the fair with the Knapps, old Mrs. Knapp arrived at the conclusion that, finding they were gone, she started after them on foot. What Adam thought he kept to himself.

Six weeks after, when Milly was getting well of the fever that followed, they had a talk together. When it was over, Milly said:

"Now, Adam I've told you every word as true as gospel and if you want to break with me you can. I'm fonder of you than I ever was before, but I wouldn't let you have me without knowing how I'd behaved."

Adam looked at her quietly.

"Milly," he said, "I think you need to be taken care of, and if you'll let me I'll do it. It's well tha drummer has got away from the place, though, if he values his bones."

### Puffs And Bangs.

A fashion authority on the important topic of the hair says: The tuck-up switches are popular. Thea are easily adjusted, can be twisted or tied in various styles, and with the aid of ornamental hair pins make a very pretty coiffure. Young ladies affect puffs which are very becoming to many, and when parted a little at one side add to the appearance of some faces. "The preyailling style" is one of those mythical elements in the American management that is often a perplexity and ladies should care little for the arbitrary demands of fashion, but follow a style that is becoming as well as convenient. The reputation "bang" of unhappy suggestion and not specially tender memories, is fortunately a thing of the past, so entirely out of fashion that even on little girls it is scarcely allowable.

An effort has been made by a few leaders of fashion to make popular the brushing of the hair off the forhead, but without any show of success. The style of covering the forehead to the very brows is so becoming to most women that its abandonment will not be thought of, at least for the present. The brushing of hair back is an English fashion that few of our ladies seem inclined to tolerate.

Puffs appear in some very stylish dressings and are discarded in others. Curls are slowly coming in favor. A letter from Paris says that curls, four or five inches long, reaching just to the neck, below the chignon at the back, are very fashionable. Ornamental pins in plain tortoise shell are the most popular among refined lodies. But few styles in fancy patterns are called for. A lovly little shell pin, with a half ring top, is worn in everyday hair dressing, five or six being used at one time. A larger size, with flat, square top is also handsome and very ladylike. Natural flowers are much worn for evening dress, but always preferably a gift from some loved one.

### The Love of Praise

It is an instinct as much as conscience is. It is an organic faculty as much as the reasoning faculty is. It is just as much a part of our structural existence as the heart is, or the lungs are to the body. It is a counterpart and balance of that which we call pride. But the word pride is offensive and usually conveys the idea of an improper feeling. It is the conscious value of one's self. It is the sense of individual rights, one's personality, the inherent right to be what we are, self-estimation. To be sure you have a right to your own judgment and personality, but these men have a right to judge you, and what you think you will do well, they praise you for, and you have that in you which makes praise very sweet. So there are these two qualities, one preserving the individuality of a man in all his rights; the other making him sensitive to the reflected influence of those around him.

### Losing Three Millions at a Sitting.

"Steve J. made the largest winning at one poker sitting that I saw on the Comstock, on which occasion he pocketed a good $10,000. Bill Gibson lost in two nights at poker just $15,000—$9,400 the first night and $5,600 the next. The work of those two nights, by the way, cost him a huge fortune. He had just got a sure pointer on Crown Point, which was then selling at $7 or $8, and had started down to give an order for as much as his $15,000 cash in hand would cover. On his way he stepped into his house and found the boys waiting for him to open a poker game. The result was that he sat down to play with them for a little while, took a header in bad luck, and dropped his cash, entirely forgetting the pointer that had been given him. Crown Point went up to $1,900, so that Gibson, if he had carried out his original intention, would have cleared anywhere between $3,000,000 and $4,000,000.

### FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Associate with the wise, and their knowledge will cling to thy skirts.

The truly valiant dare everything but doing any other body an injury.

Nothing is so credulous as vanity, or so ignorant of what becomes itself.

Truth, wherever found will draw forth homage from the pure heart.

The desire of appearing to be persons of ability often prevents our being so.

It is one of the sweetest tests of friendship to tell a friend of his fault.

The man who commands himself is greater far than he who commands the world.

Time does not end all at once. It is ending in part, every day and hour and moment.

Wisdom prepares for the worst, but folly leaves the worst for the day when it comes.

In this world, full often, our joys are only the tender shadows which our sorrows cast.

All other knowledge is hurtful to one who has not the science of honesty and good nature.

God sends us ten thousand joys but we will not even stretch out our hand to grasp them.

Charity is not a meteor which occasionally glares, but a luminary that is forever shining.

What are the best days in memory? Those in which we met a companion who was truly such.

Tears are softening showers which cause the seed of heaven to spring up in the human heart.

Do not feel proud at having supported your misfortune. How could you not have supported it?

To most men experience is like the stern light of a ship, which illuminates only the track it has passed.

Our attention to little things is the index to our character, and often the balance by which it is weighed.

The life of a mere worldly man is like an African river that wastes itself by soaking into the desert sands.

Riches are less wealth than is learning, for wisdom cannot be stolen or lost; it is therefore thy best friend.

A man must be excessively stupid, as well as uncharitable, who believes there is no virtue but on his own side.

There is nothing lower than hypocrisy. To profess friendship and act enmity is a sure proof of total depravity.

Both erudition and agriculture ought to be encouraged by government; wit and manufactures will come of themselves.

A wise man ought to hope for the best, be prepared for the worst, and bear with equanimity whatever may happen.

No man can possibly improve in any company for which he has not respect enough to be under some degree of restraint.

Never fear to bring the sublimest motive to the smallest duty and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.

A plain narrative of any remarkable fact, emphatically related, has a more striking effect without the author's comment.

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Therefore, live every day as if it would be the last.

Whatever is done skilfully appears to de done with ease and art, when it is once matured to habit, vanishes from observation.

The best government is not that which renders the individual happiest, but that which renders the greatest number happy.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing whatever you do without a thought of fame.

At times, into some hours of life are crowded so much of anguish, that we seem to live years; yes, to become aged in a brief space.

If to do were easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces.

The greatest evils in life have had their rise from something which was thought to be of too little importance to be attended to.

A wound from a tongue is worse than a wound from a sword, for the latter affects only the body the former the spirit—the soul.

There are natures which blossom and ripen amidst trials, which would only wither and decay in an atmosphere of ease and comfort.

To have his tongue cut out, and to be seated deaf and dumb in a corner, were preferable to his condition who cannot govern his tongue.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty in whatever guise it appears, and your contempt for dishonesty and duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

Of all passions jealousy is that which exacts the hardest service and pays the bitterest wages. Its service is to watch the success of our enemy; its wages to be sure of it.

Keep your promise to the letter, be prompt and exact, and it will save you much trouble and care through life, and win you the respect and trust of your friends.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing and you will do it.

Charity makes the best construction of things and persons, excuses weakness, extenuates miscarriage, makes the best of everything, forgives everybody, and serves all.

A wealthy doctor who can help a poor man, and will not without a fee, has less sense of humanity than a poor ruffian who kills a rich man to supply his necessities.

The young, obscure years ought to be incessantly employed in gaining knowledge of things worth knowing; especially of heroic human souls worth knowing; and the obscurer such years are, it is apt to be the better.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK

—Thirteen Senators and fifty-five Representatives attended the joint convention of the Illinois Legislature on the 7th. Two votes were cast, one for Black and one for Bishop, and the convention then adjourned.

—Attorney-General Garland was on the 9th formally presented to the Supreme Court of the United States by his predecessor, ex-Attorney General Brewster.

—General Grant's condition was reported better on the 9th. He "felt much refreshed, and was in a more cheerful frame of mind than for some days past."

—The resignation of Thomas F. Bayard as United States Senator from Delaware was read in the Legislature of that State on the 9th. In the House a joint resolution was adopted for the appointment of a committee to prepare an expression of the general appreciation of his public services, and regret at his retirement from the Senate.

—In joint convention of the Illinois Legislature on the 9th 15 Senators and 58 Representatives answered to roll call. Two votes were cast for U. S. Senator, one for Black and one for Morrison.

—Reports of great mortality among live stock during the winter continue to come from the Indian Territory. One cattleman in the Creek Nation reports a loss of about 3000 in a herd of 5000. On the Messengal range, in the Cherokee Nation, the loss is estimated at 60 per cent. On the Cherokee strip it is estimated at 40 per cent.

—An earthquake was felt at Lancaster, Penna., at 8 o'clock on the 8th. Buildings were shaken, and in some instances plates were thrown from stoves. In some of the churches the services were temporarily suspended by the shock. The earthquake was felt at various points in Lancaster county. The vibration was preceded or accompanied by a rumbling sound.

—The first meeting of President Cleveland's Cabinet was held on the 10th. It was devoted almost wholly to the consideration of Federal appointments, each member submitting a list of the appointments in his department which he deemed necessary to the proper administration of public business under the new regime. The lists are understood to include only the offices in which a change is desirable at once.

—Solictor General Phillips has sent his resignation to the President, to take effect upon the appointment and qualification of his successor.

—In the Senate of Illinois on the 10th a bill was introduced to prevent pooling of the railways of that State. Both Houses unanimously adopted a resolution expressing sympathy for the Wabash Railroad strikers. The Legislature also adopted a resolution commending the action of Congress in placing General Grant on the retired list. In joint convention of the Illinois Legislature on the 10th, 101 members being present, one vote was cast for U. S. Senator.

—General Grant was given a stimulant instead of an anodyne on the 9th, and slept better in consequence.

—Bishop Baltes, of the diocese of Alton, having consented, the bell belonging to the Catholic Church at Kaskaskia, Illinois, once the seat of the Spanish dominion in the Mississippi Valley, has been sent to the New Orleans Exhibition. It is the first bell that ever tolled west of the Allegheny Mountains.

—The nitro-glycerine factory of the Rock Glycerine Company, at Howard Junction, three miles from Bradford, Penna., was demolished on the 10th by the explosion of a magazine containing 6000 pounds of nitro-glycerine. H. W. Herrington, one of the proprietors, and H. V. Pratt, an employe was killed.

—The Central Hotel and twenty stores and houses, in Newbern, North Carolina, were burned on the 9th. The loss is estimated at $1,000,000; insurance, $50,000. The Castle House block in Wyoming, Illinois, containing a hotel and several stores, was burned on the 10th. Loss, $45,000.

—It was estimated, on the 10th, that the Standard Oil Company lost over 1000 barrels of oil by the break in the pipe near Reisterville, Lebanon county, last week. "Farmers in the neighborhood scooped it up and hauled it away by the barrelful."

—"A prominent military officer" of Kingston, Ontario, has been informed by letter that "there are 3500 Fenians at Buffalo drilling with a view to making a raid on Canada."

—C. F. Riggin, a respected citizen of Lavington, Illinois, shot and killed his wife and then committed suicide on the 9th. He was 60 years of age. It is supposed the loss of $900 by a recent bank failure unhinged his mind. Jos. Jackson murdered his wife at Scullyville, in the Indian Territory, on the 9th, by shooting her through the breast. It is said he was enamored of another woman and wanted to get his wife out of the way.

—The President on the 11th, nominated Edward D. Clark, of Mississippi, to be Assistant Secretary of the Interior, and Sidney D. Jackman to be U. S. Marshal for Southern Texas. Secretary Manning on the same day, appointed Eugene Higgins, of Maryland, to be Chief of the Appointment Division of the Treasury Department, in place of C. S. Trevill, of New York, resigned.

—General Grant's condition continued favorable on the 11th. He has not complained of pain in his throat for several days. Dr. Douglas said last night: "While General Grant had slept but little on the 10th, he had rested comfortably and arose before noon time feeling better than he has for several days. He partook generously of nourishment in liquid form and his pulse was lower than on the 10th.

—The Republican State Convention of Michigan met on the 11th. Judge Cooley was renominated for Justice of the Supreme Court by acclamation, and C. Stuard Draper and Aaron V. McAlvay were nominated for the Regents of the University.

—The town elections in Essex county, New Jersey, show slight Democratic gains, but the Republicans retain control of the Board of Freeholders.

—A public sale of imported Alderney cows took place on the 11th in Baltimore. Although the attendance of fancy cattle breeders was large, the prices were low, the range being from $55 up to $135.

—Thomas H. Trippe and James Earle, while driving near the railroad depot in Easton, Maryland, on the 11th, were struck by a train and Earle was killed, Trippe being dangerously, if not fatally injured. J. D. White, a passenger on an East Tennessee Railroad train, was killed near Knoxville, on the same day, by putting his head out of a car window while the train was crossing a covered bridge.

—The works of the Michigan Saw Company at East Saginaw, Michigan, were destroyed by fire early on the 11th. The loss is estimated at $60,000; the insurance at over $30,000. The works had been recently rebuilt, having been burned last April.

—The court-martial in the trial of General Hazen met on the 11th in Washington, General Hancock presiding, and the trial of the accused was begun, on the charge of "conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline in violation of the 62d article of war."

—Mrs. George App, a wealthy widow, at Seiple's Station, Lehigh county, Penna., was visited on the 10th by a man who represented himself as "a New York attorney, who desired to settle some matters in connection with her deceased husband's estate." During the night of the 10th the visitor blew open the family safe and fled with some valuable papers. It is thought his object was to secure $10,000 which Mrs. App received on Monday from the sale of iron mines, but which was deposited in an Allentown bank.

—Four more inefectual ballots for U. S. Senator were taken on the 11th in joint session of the Illinois Legislature. One hundred votes were cast. On the first ballot Morrison received 98 votes, and on the others 99 votes.

## FORTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS—

### SECOND SESSION.

### SENATE.

In the U. S. Senate, on the 6th all nominations of President Cleveland were confirmed in executive session. There was no debate and no objection. Mr. Riddlebrger relapsing into silence. The President, on the same day accepted the resignations of the members of the old Cabinet and signed the commissions of the new Cabinet officers. They entered upon the discharge of their duties on the 7th.

In the U. S. Senate, on the 9th, the resolution of Mr. Van Wyck relative to the issue of patents to the Backbone grant, in the closing hours of the last Administration was called up. Mr. Van Wyck made a speech assailing this action and reflecting severely upon the last Administration. Mr. Teller replied with a legal and historical statement of the case. He declared that Mr. Van Wyck was a "professional antimonopolist and champion of the people," that his purpose was to pose before the public and gain notoriety, and not to aid to do justice or to redress wrongs. Mr. Teller's personal denunciation of Mr. Van Wyck was quite as bitter as the assault of the latter upon him. Mr. Van Wyck's rejoinder was that his action in the matter referred to was simply to compel obedience to the law. The attempt had been made to secure two pensions for General Burnet and the whole transaction showed the loose methods prevailing in the executive branches of the government, where the laws were defied with impunity. Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate, on the 10th, a resolution offered by Mr. Hoar on the 9th, that Henry W. Blair be sworn in as Senator from New Hampshire to fill a vacancy, was taken up. After a long debate, Mr. Vest leading the opposition to the resolution, it was carried by a vote of 36 to 20. Mr. Jones, of Florida, voted with the Republicans in the affirmative. Mr. Blair was then sworn in by the Vice President and the Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 11th, only two nominations were secured. These were Edward C. Clarke, of Mississippi, to be Assistant Secretary of the Interior, and Sydney D. Jackman, of Texas, to be United States Marshal for the Southern District of that State. Mr. Clarke was a Colonel in the Confederate army. He is 45 years of age, and an intimate friend of Secretary Lamar. When confirmed Mr. Clarke, who is now here, will relieve Mr. Joslyn, who will return to his home in Illinois. After the Cabinet meeting of the 10th, it was confidentially expected that a batch of appointments would go to the Senate to-day, including a sprinkling from each department. Those on the anxious bench cannot understand this hesitation to provide them with places. They don't seem to realize that the time of the new secretaries has been almost entirely occupied in listening to the appeals of the office seekers and their friends and that no opportunity has yet been offered to consider the claims and fitness of the applicants. Hereafter the secretaries will follow an established rule to see no one in quest of office except between certain hours. The adoption of this rule has been found necessary in order to gain time to attend to pressing public business. The President has already adopted this course, and will see only Senators and Representatives at a stated time each day to present the claims of their friends. The President will receive no papers on behalf of applicants, insisting that all papers shall be presented to the proper executive department. This course will save the President much time and labor, and will materially reduce the work heretofore imposed on the White House clerical force. The President evidently intends to adhere to this policy of dealing with applicants for office, as he has directed the reduction of the White House clerical force, and the permanent abolition of several clerkships in his own office.

### NEVER GO BACK ON A FRIEND.

Many a friend on life's journey
  Cheers us by words that are kind;
Many a one bears our burden,
  While we plod weary behind;
Many a friend smiles to scatter
  Sorrow's dark clouds that descend;
So, then, take care and remember,
  "Never go back on a friend."

Many a friend has uplifted
  Us from dark poverty's ways;
Many a one has but started
  Us to good fortune's bright days;
Many a friend will come to aid us,
  Often when no man will lend
Help to our struggles; be sure, then,
  "Never go back on a friend."

Many a friend gives us shelter,
  Often a morsel of bread;
Many a one will remember
  Us when we lie cold and dead;
Many a friend will speak kindly,
  And our sweet memory defend;
This be the motto of friendship—
  "Never go back on a friend."

Cherish the friendship forever,
  Joy to your life it will lend;
This be your motto, to never,
  "Never go back on a friend."

### ISABEL'S REVENGE.

"Have any of you girls done this?" Miss Adams said bursting into the school-room at Madame Linsey's Hollies, where a dozen girls were gathered round the fire chattering merrily. "But I need not ask; of course it was Isabel Wyld."

"Was it, Isabel?" Julia Gray whispered, going over to the window where a girl stood alone reading eagerly, though the twilight had fallen. "Did you really do this, dear?" holding up a caricature in colored crayons of Miss Adams, the governess.

"Miss Adams says so, and I suppose she knows," Isabel replied, after a brief glance at the portrait—a truthful, though by no means a flattering one.

"It's disgraceful!" Miss Adams continued, addressing the group around the fire, "how that girl"—with an angry glance toward the window—"insults and annoys me. She never misses an opportunity of being rude and disrespectful"—she was going to say disobedient, but that would not have been quite accurate, for Isabel never rebelled, however unjust she might consider some of Miss Adams' mandates. "I have long suspeted that she was given to ridiculing me, and this confirms it."

The joke on Miss Adams was rather ill-timed. The day before breaking up for the summer holidays the girls usually had a picnic to Croton Abbey, a glorious old ruin ten miles away. The day was always looked forward to with keen delight, and madame always invited a few friends to meet them at the abbey, and return to the Hollies for a late dinner, a repast to which the senior pupils were usually invited.

That anything should occur to grieve madame, exclude any one from the excursion, or otherwise mar the day's pleasure, was a real trouble to the girls, and that Isabel Wyld would perhaps be kept at home, was sufficient to dampen the spirits of at least half a dozen of the elder girls.

Both of Isabel's parents were abroad, and she spent her holidays with her nurse at a quiet farmhouse many miles away, though when madame was at home, she usnally kept her a week as her own guest, and once took her to the seaside.

"I am sorry madame should be worried." Isabel said that evening, as she stood up from the tea table, having received a message that she was wanted in the drawing room. "If she asks me any questions I shall telf her as much of the truth as I can."

"Tell her that you didn't do it. That will be quite enough," Julia Gray said. 'Madame will not doubt you!"

"I hope you won't be punished, Belle," another smiled. "Come straight back here and tell us all about it."

In a few minutes Isabel rejoined them. She was very pale and her mouth was shut; and those who knew her best saw that she was in a passion. But she had early learned to master a hot temper, and her voice was steady as she said she was not going to the abbey nor join them in the evening.

"I was to apologize to Miss Adams, say good night to you all and go to my own room—that is all."

"But, Belle, you did not do it!" Julia Gray said. "Surely you were not to proud to defend yourself to madame!"

"She did not accuse me, or ask a single question; she simply took my guilt for granted," Isabel replied. "Good night, and good bye, for perhaps I shall not see some of you again before you leave on Thursday. Madame said I was not to leave my room without her permission."

When Isabel had gone there was a general burst of indignation and a buzz of angry murmers against Miss Adams, while a few even ventured to question madame's justice, if Isabel did do the caricature.

The excursion took place, but without Isabel. The occasion, however, was marred by a sad accident. Miss Adams fell down a flight of steps and injured herself severely. The news was brought to Isabel next day by Jane, the housemaid.

"And, miss," she continued, when this much had been told, "her eyes are bandaged up, and she is moaning the whole time. She can't stir an inch, and what she's to do to-morrow, with madame and all the young ladies and me gone, and no one to wait on her but that crusty Susan, who can't bear waiting on any one, is more than I know; and she's to be here all the holidays, which is a thing Susan cannot endure. I'm downright glad I'm going away and shan't have to wait on her. Good-night, Miss Isabel; its very late and you look ill."

Isabel lay awake for hours thinking of the events of the day, and it was late the next morning when Jane entered the room, looking very sleepy and cross.

"I've brought your breakfast miss; it was no use waiting for you to come down. All the young ladies are gone."

"And madame—is she gone?" Isabel asked

"Yes, miss, hours ago. And I have to stay and take care of Miss Adams; and I think it's too bad," Jane grumbled.

'I shall be here for a few days and I'll help you all I can. Is she very ill to-day?"

"She is very cross any way, Miss Isabel, and finding fault with every thing I do for her. She didn't let me sleep a wink.

Just at first it seemed terrible being alone in the house, the stillness was so impressive, and after wandering from room to room, and vainly trying to read and draw, Isabel determined to go and see Miss Adams. She had already forgotten all about the caricature and punishment she had undergone, and only thought of the poor governess' sufferings.

Her timid knock at the door was answered by a fretful "Come in," and she entered quietly. Lying on a couch, her right arm in a sling, and her head swathed in bandages, was Miss Adams, utterly unable to move a limb.

"I thought you were never coming, Jane," she said crossly. "Here, shake up this pillow; my head is cramped, and I'm parched with thirst!"

"It is not Jane, Miss Adams; it's I. I hope you are better to-day," Isabel said, crossing over to the sofa. "Please let me arrange your cushions."

"Thanks; but if you will kindly ring for Jane, I needn't trouble you," was the ungracious reply. "I thought you had gone away."

"No; I am to remain for a few days, until my nurse comes for me. It must be very dull for you, Miss Adams. May I read to you?"

"Thank you, Isabel; it's very kind of you. I am dull and in great pain, and I feel it, being here quite alone," Miss Adams said in a low voice. "You see, I have no friends to go to and none to come here and nurse me, and the doctor says it will be a month before I can get about;" and the harsh stern governess burst into a wild fit of sobbing.

For a moment Isabel felt inclined to run away; then she sat down by the couch and tried to comfort the enemy as best she knew how. When Miss Adams grew calmer she took up a book and read till Jane appeared with the dinner-tray.

The next day passed in much the same way; Isabel spent nearly all her time with Miss Adams, either reading or chatting. When bidding her good night the governess sighed deeply.

"If I could go on like this, Isabel, I should not feel my loneliness, and friendlessness so much," she said sadly. "It has been very pleasant yesterday and to-day, but what shall I do when you are gone away?"

The next day Nurse Morris arrived, and Isabel told her the story of the caricature and Miss Adams' accident and how madame had not only punished her, but had gone away without even saying good-bye."

"I didn't do it, nurse, and she might have known I wouldn't."

"Then who did do it, dearie?" nurse inquired gravely.

"I'm not sure. I lent my case of colored crayons to one of the juniors, and she might have done it without meaning any harm. But she went home a week ago, and I—I don't like to say anything about it in her absence. Besides, they never asked but took it for granted that I was the culprit."

"Never mind, dearie; it will come right in the end," nurse said, with a smile. "Now get on your things; we have not much time to spare."

Isabel looked grave for a few moments.

"I should like to go home with you dearly, nurse; but I think I ought to stay, if you will let me," she replied slowly.

"If you are willing to give up your holidays I have nothing to say; only if you get tired and homesick let me know, dearie, and I'll send Ned for you," Nurse Morris replied.

"You're a dear old thing," Isabel said, "not to be cross with me for staying here instead of going back with you. But then I think, you never were cross with me, nurse."

"Maybe not, dearie; I'm very patient."

And the old lady turned aside that Isabel might not see how sadly disappointed she was, although she was filled with admiration for the child's unselfish kindness.

When Miss Adams learned that Isabel had given up her pleasant holidays —and she knew how joyfully she always went to the farm and enjoyed being there—and decided to remain at the Hollies to keep her company, she was dumb from sheer surprise and gratitude. But as the days passed by Isabel had her reward.

At the end of three weeks Miss Adams was able to leave her room, and they both went to the farm for the remainder of the holidays.

Every day they became closer friends. Miss Adams felt heartily ashamed of the part she had played about the caricature, though not a word was said about it, and Isabel found a new side to the poor governness' character. Under the influence of kindness and affection she could be kind and affectionate too; and it was only her friendlessness that made her cross and miserable.

Isabel felt rather nervous about going back to school and meeting Madame Linsey, but when she felt her hands clasped and madame kissing her warmly all her doubts vanished, and she concluded the affair of the caricature was forgotten. But the next day, before the whole school, madame read a letter from Jane Seville, confessing it was she who drew the portrait and apologizing fully.

Every face grew brighter for having the mystery cleared up, especially as madame gave a holiday in honor of the occasion, to make up to Isabel for the one she had been unjustly deprived of.

"Not that I think you bear malice, my dear," Mrs. Linsey added, with a glance from Miss Adams to Isabel, "for I believe that you have had your revenge."

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—An enterprising stage manager in London has had his stage grass manufactured of feathers dyed and then sewn into mats, the whole having a most realistic effect.

—A bill introduced in the Michigan Legislature provides that the occupation and politics of each candidate shall appear on a voting paper giving the names of all candidates.

Our life: a little gleam of time between two eternities, no second chance to us forevermore.

### Mrs. Gates' Experiment.

From one of the trains that came roaring and tearing into Blithedale several times a day, a lady alighted one November morning, whose characteristics were an unmistakable city air and a general aspect of never having been in Blithedale before. She was not sure, so far, that she would care ever to be in it again, for the New Jersey town did not impress her picturesquely. She objected both to the redness of the soil and the matter-of-fact expression of the houses.

Yet Blithedale was always described as "a place of resort" in summer and early autumn, and "within easy access of the city;" but the last of November is an unfavorable season for such settlements, when the green, leafy glamour of summer has vanished and the bridal veil of winter has not yet been thrown over the scene.

Mrs Rapson was making an experimental and unheralded visit to her friend Mrs. Gates, who about three months ago had been obliged, by unexpected losses, to go into exile on the line of the New Jersey Central Railroad, and having some friends in the place she chose Blithedale. What she was doing with herself there, and in what way she was able to live on next to nothing, remained to be seen.

It was not difficult to find the house, the street being given, but, when found, it was something of a shock to a person fresh from New York. It was of wood, dingy white in hue, and the two-storied front slanted to a point over the windows, giving the impression that by some accident, which could scarcely be called a happy one, the sides of the dwelling had got turned to the front. The door and windows were small and and severely plain; there was ground on both sides of the house, and a flagged walk led from the low wooden gate to the steps.

A door bell was a rather unexpected piece of civilization, and the visitor's ring was quickly answered by a neat, smiling hand-maiden with a very German face. Mrs. Gates was at home, and her friend was requested to walk into the sitting room, which appeared to cross the entire house.

It was fairly tapestried with vines, and in the windows were blooming plants. An open Franklin stove, the next best thing to a grate, had a cheerful fire in it, and there was a general look of warmth and brightness about the large low room that impressed the visitor very pleasantly. Perhaps the lounge and easy chair, covered with Turkey red, had something to do with this; but the whole room was a study. "Alice's flat in —— street was a perfect poem, to be sure," mused the lady, 'but who would expect her to make a hut like this habitable looking?"

"Alice" herself had now appeared from some mysterious back precinct with a warm welcome, and she was immediately called upon to give an account of herself.

"There is not very much to give," she began, smilingly. "You were so late this year at your beloved mountains that my flitting had to be done while you were away. "No, I didn't 'feel dreadfully' at all at having to do it I am very fond, you know, of the Joys and Saunderses, who have homes here, and I mean to make the best of it. When more than half of my little capital was swept away, I felt that the first reduction to be made was in rent, and I get this ugly, comfortable little house for twenty dollars a month, while my fourth-story 'cabinet-finished' flat cost me, as you know, sixty dollars."

"But are not other expenses very much the same?"

"By no means," was the reply. "Provisions are one-third cheaper than in New York, for Blithedale has quite a reputation in this respect; and Louisa, my German maiden, a prize among servants, is absolutely contented with eight dollars a month."

"Well," said the astonished visitor, "this is certainly Arcadia in one way, if not in another."

"I must show you the house," continued Mrs. Gates. "It is better than it looks; but first you shall see my greenhouse."

Her friend restrained her surprise as she was conducted through a doorway into an unpretending "lean-to," with sloping glass roof and glass front and sides, quite filled with callas and carnations that promised abundant bloom shortly. Every plant looked green and glossy; and the temperature of the place seemed perfect.

"This and the steam-pipes for heating were all in readiness when I took the house, having been put in by the owner for his own use. But the doctors ordered him South for his health, and I fortunately appeared just at the right time."

"It is very nice," murmured her perplexed friend, "you were always so fond of flowers!"

"Yes, and you remember how I always had something in bloom in my New York flat? It was that circumstance which made me bold enough to venture on the greenhouse."

"And you have no roses?" asked Mrs. Rapson, who did not quite see her way through this greenhouse problem. "Nothing but callas and carnations?"

"Nothing but callas and carnations," rejoined her hostess, "for both require the same temperature and moisture, both are easy to raise, and both make generous returns in the way of bloom. Within a fortnight I shall begin to cut, and keep steadily at it all through the winter. I see from your puzzled face, that you do not understand me. You must know, then, that my greenhouse is altogether a commercial venture; and the expected blossoms are to adorn the windows of a city florist who has agreed to take from me all that I can raise, at a very remunerative price."

"What ever made you think of it?" gasped the amazed visitor.

"Poverty, my dear," laughed Mrs. Gates; "it sharpens ones faculties wonderfully. I knew that something must be done to increase the pittance that remains to me, and flower-raising presented a more attractive field than anything else that seemed practicable. So I consulted florists and successful gardeners, read a little, and determined to venture with my two varieties. The great fault with beginners is that they attempt too much at once. It was just the right season for my experiment, and I was fortunate enough to make my purchases at great advantage. The excitement, even at this stage, is delightful, I am intensely interested in every leaf that puts forth, and when the flowers come I shall scarcely be able to contain myself."

"I am very much interested too," replied her friend, 'and I have no doubt that you will be successful. I only wish that two or three other impecunious women of my acquaintance had your courage. It must be remembered, though, that it is not an everyday affair to happen upon a house at a small rental with a greenhouse attached. This has saved you quite an outlay at the beginning."

"Very true; but I should not hesitate to make the outlay, with my present knowledge; I would even borrow the money to do it, for two hundred dollars would build and stock it, and the first season's returns should more than pay for it. Tell the impecunious women to try it."

"But you used to write very cleverly," pursued Mrs. Rapson; "would it not have been more agreeable and quite as profitable to stick to your pen?"

For answer her hostess pointed to the little writing desk in the sitting-room, which had been saved from the wreck of the flat, "I have a story there just ready to mail now," she said. "One occupation does not interfere with the other, and I think that I write all the better for my new experience."

"You are a wonderful woman, Alice," was the reply, "and this is a charming lunch to which we are sitting down."

Everything was good of its kind, though simple, and the visitor ate with an appetite. She even promised to come for a week's stay before Christmas, after a sight of the quaint upstairs rooms, furnished characteristically; and when she returned to the train was quite persuaded that her friend's move to Blithedale was a very sensible one.

On Mrs. Rapson's second visit she saw boxes of callas and carnations carefully packed in wet moss and dispatched by rail to the city; she saw also the encouraging check that was received in return, and she no longer doubted the success of Mrs. Gates' experiment.

### Shooting Stars.

It was Christmas eve. The stars sparkled very brightly, for the heavens, seeing so many lights on earth, in palace, cottage and hovel, did not wish to be so niggardly, and lighted twice as many stars as usual.

A poor little girl of eleven winters was trudging homeward through the streets of Hamburg. Her frock was thin and the wind was icy, but the child was cheerful, for Frau Senatorin had given her a bright eight-shilling piece for sweeping paths and performing various other little services in preparation for the Christmas feast at the rich man's mansion.

And as the little one was returning home thinking of her poor mother and of the cold and cheerless room which awaited her, she suddenly noticed a shooting star, and then another, and she remembered that she had heard that if one makes a wish at such a moment it is certain to come true. And when another star fell she cried as quickly as she could: "Luck and blessing! Luck and blessing for my poor mother."

Just at this moment, while she was looking at the stars, she ran against something, and when she looked forward she saw before her a big fat man, who held his hands before his stomach and cried: "Mercy on me! What behavior for the public street!"

The gentleman had just come out from a fine dinner at the hotel above. He was a bachelor, and always a good liver, but to-day he had given himself more liberty than usual, for it was Christmas time. "Why don't you look out, you dumb girl? Why do you run against my stomach?" said the man crossly, and grasped her arm so tightly that it pained her.

The poor child wept with fright, and in broken sentences tried to explain how she had been watching the shooting stars and wishing blessings for her mother, and had thus neglected to notice her way.

"Nonsense! Nonsense!" said the gentleman, "all superstitions and shooting stars—they give nothing."

Just then a great meteor shot through the sky, with a loud report and a light which was reflected with brilliancy from the ice-covered river near which the man and the child were standing.

"Sapristi!" cried the frightened gentleman, who had traveled and understood many strange languages; "one would think that that forebodes something!"

Then he looked curiously into the pale, sweet face of the girl, and the moon, which was just peeping over the top of the neighboring palace, helped him to see more clearly. His heart became moved, for the features of the child awakened memories of his own childhood, of merry Christmas and a long-forgotten paradise.

In every human heart there is a spot where hope, love and pity thrive. In some hearts the spot is large, in some smaller, and in many it has become unfruitful ground. This was the case with the gentleman. But when he looked into the eyes of the child he began to feel some returning touches of emotion, and after a little time the spot in his heart became more green than it had been for many years.

"What is your name, little one?" he asked with mild voice, "and where do live?"

Then the child told him that she was called Susie, and that her mother was a washerwoman and lived beside a neighboring alley where the sun never shone, even in summer.

"Come," said the gentleman, "I will take you home, and if all that you have told me is true, then shall the promise of the shooting stars be true also; come!"

Then they went through the goose market and straight ahead until they reached the narrow streets where the poor people live, then on until they reached an alley full of miserable houses.

"Here is the place," said the little one, and sprang forward and stood beside a low door which opened into a passage through which the gentleman could not pass without stooping—and stooping was something which he never did willingly. "Mother is in there and has a fire in the stove, continued the child, "I can see through the cracks."

And so it was. The poor woman who had washed and scrubbed for the rich people during the livelong day, in order to make the houses bright and clean for Christmas, was now celebrating the holy eve herself. She sat upon a low stool before the little stove, pleased with the fire she had kindled—and the stove was pleased, too, for this was the first fire which it had felt for a long time. Upon the rickety table lay a tiny sprig of evergreen, a few apples and nuts, and a little yellow wax taper for a surprise to Susie.

The woman looked up in astonishment when the gentlemanly stranger entered the room, and as she rose to greet him she put her hands suddenly to her face and began to weep bitterly. And the gentleman also seemed much surprised and a dark flush overspread his face. His conscience was now fully awake, the little tender spot in his heart began to bear blossoms, and the tears of the poor woman acted upon their growth like a warm May shower.

They had recognized each other as brother and sister, meeting now for the first time after a separation of many years. He had become a rich man, but the sister had lost everything—first her inheritance through the fault of her husband, and then lost the latter. The proud brother had withheld all aid. "Why did she marry the knave?" thought he, and forgot her entirely.

"Susan," said he, "has it come to this? But now we shall forget what has happened. This is the holy Christmas eve, and you must go with me and live with me henceforth." And he kissed his little niece. "Leave cares and poverty behind you; we go now into the large old house in Groninger street, where we played together; let all unhappy things be forgotten.

They went away with him, the sister on his arm and the child holding his hand, and to the latter it was the happiest night of her little life. Oh, blessed Christmas.

### Hauling the Terrapin.

A late paper has an account of a terrapin hunt on Galapagos island, in the Pacific ocean, some years ago, by a party of whalemen. The following is an extract: Every harpoon, lance and spade was raised for the slaughter, when "Hold! you lubbers; don't you know a terrapin when you see it?" interrupted us. The cry came from the mate in our rear, whom we now followed round to the other side of the rock, and there, sure enough, was a terrapin: a monster "male" chap, weighing, we judged, nearly 300 pounds. After capturing him, the question arose how to get him to the beach. Bringing three oars from the boats, we lashed these across his back and six of us then undertook to carry him. But the ground was so rough and rocky that we found the task impracticable, and there was then no other course left but to kill him and cut him up, which we did.

At dark, sent one boat to the ship with forty terrapin. Boat returned at 11:30 p m., with supper and two kegs of water.

Tuesday, 14th, all boats returned to the ship taking 36 terrapin, making 76 in all, weighing from 15 to 150 pounds each. The large one weighing—upon conjecture, as I have said—from 250 to 300 pounds.

The terrapin I speak of are not the foundation of that much prized dish with which they are fortunately so familiar, but of the species which, though called "elephant" tortoise, is generally known to whale men as terrapin. On these islands of which I speak—the Galapagos group, some ten or twelve in number—they are found in great quantities, and are in high esteem with the sailors as an article of food. When freshly caught they are very savory eating, but after the animal has been a prisoner for a few months the flesh becomes slimy and loses its delicate flavor.

The islands of the group most prolific of these terrapin are the Charles—on which is a small Spanish settlement, and the James and Albemarle; the two latter being uninhabited because of the scarcity of water.

The terrapin are found in the lowest parts of the land, and are of all sizes, ranging from half a pound in weight up to three hundred pounds or more. Their chief food is the cabbage tree a species of palm, that grows to the height of ten or fifteen feet. The body or stem of this tree is about as hard as the stalk of a cabbage, very juicy as well as refreshing and palatable, not only to the terrapin, but to the seamen, who make use of it as a substitue for water.

### An Anecdote of Lyman Beecher.

There are many amusing anecdotes of the late Dr. Lyman Beecher's peculiarities. One of the latest and best is the following: Dr. Beecher was noted for his absence of mind and forgetfulness. Mrs. Beecher once received a sum of money, and it was the occasion of great rejoicing that it would enable them to pay a bill for a carpet, so she committed the money to her husband, charging him to attend to the matter immediately. In the evening the doctor returned from the city in high spirits. He described to us a missionary meeting he had attended. "Doctor," said Mrs. Beecher 'did you pay for that carpet to-day?" "Carpet! What carpet?" responded the doctor. "Why, the one I gave you the money to pay for this morning." "There," said the doctor, "that accounts for it. At the missionary meeting they took up a contribution. When they came to me I said I had no money to give them—wished I had—at the same time feeling in my pocket, where, to my surprise, I found a roll of bills; so I pulled out and put it in the box, wondering where it had come from, but thinking the Lord had somehow provided."

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Though psychologists make no mention of the fact, yet it has been undeniably proven, from past history, as well as from present experience, that men are as fully slaves to certain whims nd fancies as the weakest woman ever or

### A Model Grand Jury.

A history of the criminal practice of Arkansas would not only be a volume of bloody tragedy but would contribute largely to humorous literature. Years ago, when Colonel W. P. Grace was prosecuting attorney of a southern circuit, he was determined, in view of the inexcusable leniency which prevailed, to effect a reform by enforcing on the minds of grand jurors the necessity of punishing criminals. On one occasion when court met at Arkansas Post, the Colonel was particularly desirous of making a good record. The grand jury, described as an "onery lookin' set o' fellers," occupied a negro cabin, near the court house. "Now, gentlemen," said Colonel Grace, "expediency demands that you should organize and get to work as soon as possible." A man named Jacquins was elected foreman. "Now," said the Colonel, "who will act as clerk? Won't you? addressing the most intelligent looking member.

"Kain't read nor write," replied the man.

"Well, won't you?" addressing another.

"Would if it wa'n't fur one thing."

"What's that?"

"I ken read, but I kain't write worth a cuss. Wush I could, but I kain't."

"I am certain you will," addressing an old fellow.

"No, I b'leve not to-day. I kain't spell nuthin' nohow."

"Oh, go on an' sarve, Uncle Caleb," said the man who could not write worth a cuss. "Go on an' sarve, I say. You don't haf to be able to spell. All you've got to do is to read an' write a little."

"Well, gentlemen," remarked the Colonel, "to expedite matters, I will act as clerk until you can get some one else."

He wrote down their names and called the roll, requesting each man when his name was called, to state whether or not he knew of any violations of the law.

They answered "no," until Grace's patience became sore:

"Why, gentlemen," said he, "you know very well that several men have been killed in this county since the last term of court. One man was killed down here at a saw-mill. Do you know anything about that?"

"Wall, drawled a long, dyspeptic-looking fellow, "I did see a man t'uther day what 'lowed that a feller had been laid out down thar. but I wuz sorter busy at the time an' didn't 'vestigate. but I reckon he's dead, fur afterwards I seed 'em diggin' a hole out in the orchard whar his folks does all thar plantin'.'

"Is that all you know about it?"

"Wall," with another long drawl, "'bout all I can think uv right now. Mout think of more though, if you'd gimme time. Lemme see. Wall, I reckon, in reason they must've killed him, fur I seed a wagin with a long box in it drive up to the house, an', yes, airterwards I seed 'em drive to the orchard. Reckon the feller must've been killed?"

"I don't doubt that," replied the Colonel. "What we want to get at is the manner and circumstances of the killing. Do you know by whom and how he was killed?"

"Wall, a short time before I seed the box in the wagin, the man Blythe, what I have every reason to believe wus in the box, had a 'spute with a feller named Miller."

"Did Miller kill him?"

"Wall, Miller he said, that the first time he seed him he 'lowed to shoot him."

"Miller killed him, then?"

"Wall, I don't know, but Miller is a powerful truthful feller. Never heerd nobody 'spute his word. A mighty apt hand with a fuzee, too. Miller is. Mouter not killed him, fur it ain't fur me to say. Blythe didn't owe me nuthin'."

"It is for you to find out though, for you are here to see the law enforced."

"Yas, that's whut the boys was jes' tellin' me, an' I reckon' it's so. Whar is Miller now, boys?"

"He's left the country," some one replied.

"Wall, Colonel, I reckon he's the man what done the killin'. In fact, I know he is."

"No, he ain't left the country," said some one else, "fur I seed him day afore yistidy."

"Wall, Colonel," continued the evasive grand juror, "I ain't so certain, sence I come to think about it. Don't want to put the matter too strong."

"There's another case," declared the Colonel. "An infernal scoundrel that ought to be hanged, killed his brother over on White River the other day. Do any of you know anything about that?"

An old brown "jeansed", fellow, who had said nothing, arose and replied:

"Yes, an' I'm the man that done it."

"Mr. Foreman," said the Colonel, adjourn the jury until to-morrow morning. This is the worst crowd I ever saw."

That night every member of the grand jury, with the exception of the foreman, were found engaged in a game of poker. The following morning they were marched into court and indicted. When Colonel Grace had completed his business he went to the Sheriff and spoke to him concerning his fees.

"What fees?"

"The fees for convictions. Don't you understand your business?"

"I don't know anything about fees."

"Where are those men that were arrested the other day?"

"Gone home, I reckon."

"Why didn't you put them in jail?"

"Jail, they've got no business there."

"Why?"

"I've dun rented it out to a feller fur a livery stable. Folks in this country don't want no jail.

"Well, sir, I shall sue you on your bond."

The Sheriff laughed. He had never heard of a bond.

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"Don't you think I have a good face for the stage?" asked a young lady with histrionic aspirations. "I don't know about the stage," replied her gallant companion, "but you have a lovely face for a bus!"

When the average man laughs he gets fat. When the printer gets fat he laughs.

# THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., MAR. 25, 1885.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.



1885..... *SPRING!* .....1885.

THE ECLIPSE A FAILURE.

GARMAN'S STORE A COMPLETE SUCCESS.

Our newest offerings in Embroidered Dress Patterns, in Batiste, India Linen, Pink and Blue Chambray are beautiful.

In Stamped goods we have Tray Covers, Side Board Covers, Tidies, Slipper Cases, Umbrella and Cane Cases, Splashers, Fringe for Lambrequins, &c., &c.

Did you ever buy Merrimac & Allen Shirting Prints (not standard) at 5 cents? We have lots of them—you usually pay 7 & 8 cents for them.

Everything in our stock at proportionately low rates—we offer no baits, but do a strictly honest business. Everything must be as we say—we will make it right.

Fancy Baskets for Decorating, Cornucopias, Hair Receivers, Catch-Alls, &c.

They tease us about wheelbarrows, but they will not be in for a few years yet. We want you to understand that ours is a Complete Dry-Goods and Fancy Notion Stock—should be called "Yankee Notion," but that word has become almost obsolete. We don't aim to keep a hardware, leather, grocery, furniture, clothing, bakery, stationery, or a general banking concern, we will be content to have you come for Dry-Goods and Notions only.

*D. GARMAN & SON.*

BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte,* 1885.


## LOCAL ITEMS.

——Last week was cold as any this winter.

——Perry Breon moves on the Henny farm near the Fort.

20,000 SHINGLES for sale by J. O. Deininger, Centre Hall. 25m3t

——Mr. Samuel Wasson, of Lemont, died suddenly on 8, aged 70 years.

——We have had excellent sleighing in this valley all winter up to this time.

——Clothing, boots and shoes, at reduced prices—J. D. Long & Son, Spring Mills.

— Rev. O'Boyle will preach in the Reformed church, Sunday, April 5th, at 2:30 o'clock.

——The railroad company has hands at work putting up a cattle yard at the station here.

— Jonathan Harper, of Bellefonte, is able to be about again from his recent serious sickness.

——Emperor William, of Germany, still hale and hearty, celebrated his 88th birthday, on 22 inst.

——Headquarters for fish; we buy direct from headquarters, at low prices—J. D. Long & Son, Spring Mills.

——Sucker fishing has commenced. How we'd like to swap the "Reporter" for a spell on a nice string of suckers.

——Our Evangelical friends contemplate erecting a parsonage in this place, on the lot on which their church stands.

——Subscribers changing post-offices this spring should notify us—giving name of old as well as new post-office. tf

——Mr. Robert P. Barnes, of Pleasant Gap, has the mail contract from Coburn, Centre county, to Lock Haven, Clinton county.

——Deputy Register and Recorder Nichols, of Lycoming county, was on the 10th married to Miss Mary Bierly, of Rebersburg.

——Get your tombstones at Stover's Marble yard, Bellefonte, where prices are the lowest and material and work the best.

——We hear many farmers say their potatoes were frozen in cellars. James Durst had 100 bushels in his cellar, and every one frozen.

——Willis Rishel, of near Centre Hill, has the brag egg of the season, it measures 6½x8¼ inches. If any one can beat it send on the returns.

MUSICAL COLLEGE.—Will open April 28 for the study of vocal and instrumental music. For circular address, F. C. Moyer, Freeburgh, Pa.

——Rev. Sarvis preached an excellent farewell sermon in the M. E. church, on Sabbath evening. Mr. Sarvis leaves here with the respect of all our people.

An old and a new subscriber to the Reporter can get the New York Weekly World, each one year, for $2.25 sent us in advance. A great bargain. tf

——Rev. Isaac Heckman will preach in the M. E. church, at Sprucetown, on Sunday next, at 10:30 a. m., and at Centre Hall, in the M. E. church, at 2:30 p. m.

Some fifteen years ago the Susquehanna river froze over twice during March, and each time the ice was sufficiently strong to bear the weight of loaded wagons.

——PAINTER WANTED.—A good house painter can have steady employment during the coming summer, at good wages, by calling on or addressing F. W. Weaver, Boalsburg, Pa. 11m3t

——Our old friend, Mr. John Farner, of Centre Hill, gave us a call. Mr. Farner is now 74 years of age and tells us he never knew of a winter as rigorous as the present one.

——Read the card of Wm. A. Sandoe, in another column, he has moved his tailor shop to the bank building, where he will give any one "fits" according to the latest fashions.

——Read the ad. of E. & H. T. Anthony & Co. This is an old and well-known house in New York, and stands at the head of its class in the U. S. We recommend them as reliable.

——One of Maj. W. F. Reynold's tenant houses was destroyed by fire, Wednesday, 18, on a farm near Bellefonte. The house was occupied by J. S. Carson, formerly of Potter township, who lost all his household goods. Mr. Carson was absent at a sale at the time of the fire.

To any of our subscribers sending us three new names with the cash before May 1, we will give a credit of one year on "Reporter" for his trouble.

——Wolf & Son have some of the finest mackerel ever brought here, and freshest catch. We know whereof we speak, for a plump pair found their way into our frying pan.

——Mr. Jas. A. M'Clintick, of Gregg, called to see the "Reporter." Mr. M'C. is a decent Republican and seems to be gaining flesh already under a Democratic administration.

——Clevan Dinges has returned to our town to remain permanently and conduct his store in person. His Coburn store he has disposed of—his interests—to his partners, Trumpfheller & Vonada.

——Go to the Philadelphia Branch for the best bargain in suits in these United States. Lewins & Co. defy the world for low prices in ready-made clothing and offer as good an article as is manufactured.

——Hooverton is a new town on the B. C., C. & S. W. railroad, three miles from Snow Shoe, containing at present 175 of a population. A post office has been applied for at this new and thriving town.

——DEDICATION.—The new Lutheran church at Madisonburg will be dedicated on Sunday, April 19, '85. Rev. Dr. Conrad, of Philadelphia, will perform the dedicatory services. A general invitation is extended to all to be present. 3t

——Bellefonte with its fire companies, hose carriages, and plenty of water, will have big fires, and so other towns. In Centre Hall without some of these needed precautions there are folks who think we should get ahead of any kind of a fire. Well, this is a queer world.

——Overcoats are still needed, winter may last a good while yet, and you can buy any style at almost cost at the Philadelphia Branch and get a first class article. You can't get as good a bargain anywhere in any kind of ready-made clothing as at the Philad. Branch.

——A very valuable horse owned by Mr. Michael Grove, of Lemont, died on night of 7. The animal was fastened near Dr. Dale's office when it became frightened and rared, coming down on the post, which so injured the animal's stomach that it was necessary to end its life with a dose of cold lead.

——Go to Murray's Drug Store, Centre Hall, for your Chtistmas and Birthday cards, also toys for your children. A full line of drugs and medicines kept in stock. Any drug or medicine not found on hand will be got for you inside of 48 hours from the time you leave your order. J. D. MURRAY.

——The cold weather does not have any effect on the low prices at the Philadelphia Branch—it makes them sell all the more for it. People know that bargains are always had there and if they want a suit, overcoat, or any other goods of men adn boys' wear, they go to Lewins & Co. for it, as it amounts to a saving of from $3 to $10 every time.

——We direct the attention of our readers to the announcement for the spring term of the Centre Hall select school. Mr. Shires, the principal, is one of the most experienced and efficient teachers in our valley. His qualifications have stood the highest test and his labors in the educational field have been a success.

——On account of the unfavorableness of the weather at present to finish our church at Madisonburg, the dedication thereof has been postponed to the 19th of April, instead of the 12th as before announced. Dr. Conrad, of Philadelphia, is expected to officiate, and neighboring ministers will assist in the services. All are invited to be present.

F. AURAND, Pastor.

——Lewins & Co. wish to have every man in the county wear one of their suits, and to gratify this becoming ambition they will sell suits and overcoats from now until April, at a sacrifice. Goods have been marked down so low that no competition can reach the same low figures. The Philad. Branch can undersell all others because they have their stock from first hands, and the profits of the jobber and wholesaler go to the one who purchases at the Philad. Branch.

——One of the oldest buildings in this place, what used to be the Felmlee hotel stand, is now on its move eastward, and will be landed on a new foundation two squares from its present site. This building is being removed to clear the lot for the new Lutheran church. Ex-Sheriff Spangler has purchased the old house which is one of the largest in town, and is having it put on his lot nearly opposite Jacob Arney's, and will fit it up for a double dwelling.

——All towns complain of bursted hydrants and frozen water pipes, and our town is not an exception. In ordinary winters Centre Hall escapes these troubles, in which we are more fortunate than many other towns, but this winter is an exception, and many of our hydrants have been closed by the frost king. Many of our farmers complain of their water pipes being frozen and having to go long distances for water. The frost has penetrated the earth from three to four feet. There never was a winter like it to the recollection of the oldest inhabitants.

——The Evangelical appointments for this district are as follows: 1. Williamsport, Market St., A Stapleton; 2. Williamsport, Bennett St., H W Gross; 3. Williamsport, Newbury, J M King; 4. Williamsport circuit; C H Goodling; Lycoming, D W Miller; Jersey Shore, J R Sechrist; Lock Haven, J H Dick; Lock Haven circuit, J G M Swengel; Nittany Valley, W N Wallis and H Armstrong, under P. E; Sugar Valley, T M Morris; Centre Hall, G W Currin; Milesburg, J H Welch; Liberty, F S Vought; East Liberty, J D Stover; Grover, H A Stoke; Highland, E O Goodling; Wayland, J M Price; Seneca Falls, Z Hornberger. A Krause, member of the Bennett Street Quarterly Conference; R Young, Member of the Jersey Shore Quarterly Conference; Jazo Takano, member of the Tokio, Japan Quarterly Conference.

PERSONAL.—Cyrus Zeigler has flitted from Madisonburg to Wolf's Store. W. R. Lee becomes tenant on the Wilson farm at the Centre Hall station. Isaiah Boob moves from Haines twp. to Union county, where he purchased a farm. Perry Condo, of Miles, illumined our sanctum with his presence and reports his section of the kingdom O. K. John L. Runkle moves from Centre Hall to a farm in the Loop. J. C. Ripka, of Georges valley, gave us a call; he reports snow too deep in the mountains for lumber operations. Samuel Kreamer and Wm. Musser, both good farmers, one mile east of Old Fort, called to see us; they both move to farms in Haines twp.

## FROM NEBRASKA.

CLARKS, Neb., Feb. 9, 1885.

Farmers are preparing for the coming spring to sow wheat, oats, barley, etc., there is some winter wheat and rye sowed and it looks well, the frost going out of the ground. Our winter was steady and plenty of snow, but the pleasant days spoiled our sledding. If we want a sleigh ride we must take it when the snow is falling. Week before last we had 14 inches of snow, and last Monday night it was all gone. I live six miles south of Clarks station and can see the train run in and leave town, and see it run to Central City 11 miles southwest of Clarks. I traveled all over the Pennsylvania mountains and hills. I would like to be with my friends to spend an evening in talking and answering the questions of renters of farms who give the ⅓ of all they raise, build fences, split rails, haul manure so the stone ridges will produce 15 to 20 bushels of wheat, 25 to 30 bus. of corn, then oats, then put some in fall wheat, harvest it, put into clover and timothy, and pick stones. I have done such 25 years ago, but if I would have known of a country like this my toiling among the hills would have been for less years. In the fall of 1870 when I came to Bellefonte to run T. R. Reynold's mill, I had Peter Breon, my uncle, take me and my wife to Centre Hill, and while there spent a few nights in the store at that place. Some of the old settlers told me there used to be a big cry about the west. One said about 45 years ago he went to Chicago with some $7,000 to buy land. There was one hotel in Chicago and that no better than his hog pen. Think what the town was at that time and what it is now!

S. KRADER.

— A knowing editor says: Of all the foolish things a man can do, that of stopping his paper because he is displeased at something therein, is perhaps the worst, and it brings with it its own punishment. Figuratively speaking, he simply "cuts off his nose to spite his face." Yet the average man imagines that his indignant command to stop his paper will overwhelm the editor with woe and sorrow, and not only stop his particular paper but everybody else's paper. He seems to think that the offending journal, under his displeasure, will immediately suspend. But it does not. His name is dropped from the list but the heavens do not fall, nor the stars cease to shine. The sun rises and sets with its usual regularity, the moon appears in accordance with the almanac and the world rolls around as before. The paper continues to please and displease, and things are pretty much the same as they always were with one exception.


## A PAYING INVESTMENT.

At this season of the year, when your cows fail in milk, your horses become rough in coat, your pigs refuse to thrive, the hens won't lay as many eggs as they should, you will find a package or two of McDonald's Celebrated Tonic and Blood Purifying Horse and Cattle Powders judiciously administered an investment that will pay big dividends. They are positively the best Horse and cattle Powders made. Dissatisfied purchasers can have their money refunded. What other manufacturers dare make this offer. Sold by all dealers.


## 41 DAYS WITHOUT FOOD.

Louisville, March 22.—A five year old daughter of A. C. Crawford, of Millwood, is dead, after lingering a year without eating a particle of solid food, and for 41 days previous to her death without food of any kind. From a strong, healthy child she fell away, until at the time of her death she weighed hardly eleven pounds. About a year ago the child got hold of concentrated lye, in a liquid state, and swallowed some of it. The lye soon affected the throat that no food could be taken, and the child really died of exhaustion and starvation.


I caught a severe cold, and remembering you told me to use "Downs' Elixir," I bought a bottle and in less than three days my cough and sore throat had vanished. It is good. PUBLISHER

New Market, N. H., Advertiser.

Please send me six bottles Dr. Baxtar's Mandrake Bitters. I never used a medicine that did me as much good as this.

IRA TAYLOR, Rolland, Mich.

Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment is the best family liniment made. Sold by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall. mar


## DEEP SNOW IN THE SOUTH.

Raleigh, N. C., March 22.—At midnight last night another snowstorm began which has continued with slight intermissions ever since. The weather is cold, and by far the worst ever known at this time of the year. Much of the great snow-fall of Tuesday and Wednesday yet remains upon the frozen ground. When the second storm began south of here, in the great pine forests, but little of the snow, which was from 10 to 18 inches in depth, had melted.

Fortress Monroe, March 22.—A snowstorm set in here at 3 o'clock this morning and lasted all day. It was the heaviest here for ten years.


Says neighbor Smith, "My little girl was pale and sickly, rapidly loosing flesh, appetite variable, and sleep much disturbed. Her condition was becoming alarming. Was advised by a friend to try McDonald's Celebrated Worm Powders. Administered three and she expelled the enormous number of 132 worms." Neighbor Smith now thinks McDonald's Worm Powders are the greatest vermifuge in existence.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY, & Co.,
Philadelphia, Agents.

Sold by J. D. Murray.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

*No. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.*

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

24feb'tf

If you want the two papers, the REPORTER and the "New York Weekly World," for one year at $2.25, you can have the two by sending us the $2.25 in advance and a new name with $2.25, to which the two papers will also be sent. This is a big bargain, and we are only able to carry it out upon the above plan. tf


## 72 HOURS ON PRAYER.

Sycamore, Ill., March 19.—A remarkable case of failure of faith cure has just terminated in this city in the death of the wife of A. W. Perry, a free Methodist minister. The cause of the death was puerperal fever. The patient refused medical aid, and the whole church engaged in a seventy-two-hour prayer for her recovery. Her death ended the service.

## RUN OFF WITH A GOLD BAR.

Tombstone, Arizono, March 19.—J. W. Smith, confidential clerk at the St. Helena Mine, Las Delicias, Sonora, absconded with a gold bar valued at $13,000 which he was conveying to Hermosillo. The company offers $4,000 reward for his capture and the recovery of the bullion.

## OPERATIONS IN THE SOUDAN.

Saukim, March 19.—This evening after the skirmish General Graham's right, consisting of British infantry, Indian infantry and the guards, begun to advance toward Handaub. The mounted infantry and Bengal cavalry renewing the reconnoisance, occupied Haskeen and found Osman Digna withdrawing his forces toward Tornai. The concentration of the Arabs was affected in unusually good order. Scouts report that Osman is prepared to give battle between Tamai and Tamanieb, and they estimate the number of Arabs at from 7,000 to 10,000.

A heavy blast was set off in Chester county, a few days ago, and a large stone sent high in the air descended on the roof of George Hughes' house, never stopping until it reached the cellar. No one was injured.

There arrived at Mt. Carmel, Northumberland county, from Poland, a boy seven years old, that had made the journey from his native land without assistance save a card bearing the words "Antonio Ciaso, Mt. Carmel, Pa."

## MARCHING AGAINST BARRIOS.

City of Mexico, March 18.—General Valalorie, in command of 8,000 troops, has been ordered to immediately join his forces with 7,000 troops now in the state of Michoecan and proceed to the state of Chiapa, which borders upon Guatemala. These troops are now in motion.

——The following persons have been drawn to serve as Jurors during the April term of court:

### Grand Jurors.

| | |
|---|---|
| Sam'l Decker, Walker | C W Albright, Millheim |
| Thomas Riley, Harris | Jas Ardery, Worth |
| R W Downing, Penn | J Wilmer Wolf, Potter |
| J C Boal, Potter | Rob't Henderson, Marion |
| Jon Shank, Howard | E L Johnson, Rush |
| S H Bennison, Marion | Vint Beckwith, Taylor |
| D G Meek, Ferguson | F F Adams, Boggs |
| H D Yerger, Bellefonte | D J Meyer, Potter |
| Z T Wenrick, Howard | Jerre Shavely, Potter |
| J R Alexander, Spring | Geo Armbruster, Gregg |
| David Barree, Gregg | Allen Ammerman, Union |
| John Q Miles, Huston | W G Rook, Philipsburg |

### Traverse Jurors—Fourth Monday April.

| | |
|---|---|
| Jno Armagast, Benner | J Armstrong, Philipsb'g |
| Jos Powers, Bellefonte | P N Bezhhart, Spring |
| Jos Loder, Howard | Henry Young, Spring |
| J C Nason, Huston | R D Ardery, Huston |
| G A Gowland, Philipsbg | H H Benner, Bellefonte |
| J F Rearick, Gregg | Jno Graston, Howard |
| Wm McGirk, College | Sol Peck, Walker |
| Hoy, Benner | A W Hafer, Millheim |
| E B Green, Bellefonte | J W Weaver, Boggs |
| Sam'l Ellenberger, Ferguson | Ed Tyson, Philipsburg |
| H H Weaver, Haines | Wm Miller, Bellefonte |
| W L Steel, Bellefonte | Daniel Dorman, Walker |
| O P Kreamer, Milesburg | H M Snyder, Ferguson |
| John Woods, Spring | G F Stevenson, Potter |
| Sam'l Ott, Millheim | Jno Harshberger, Penn |
| Barney Coyle, Philipsbg | J Pennington, Ferguson |
| J B Heckman, Gregg | John Harpster, Worth |
| Benj. Gentzel, Spring | J H Brown, Snow Shoe |
| Uriah Shafer, Miles | Sam'l Noll, jr, Spring |
| Archy Allison, Potter | Sam'l Crotzer, Potter |
| Moses Gilbert, Miles | John H Burns, Rush |
| Jno Ward, Halfmoon | Wm Derstine, Bellefonte |
| Christ Schrock, Bellef'te | Enos Ertley, Ferguson |
| | J W Gardiner, Howard |
| | John Holmes, Marion |

### Traverse Jurors—First Monday May.

| | |
|---|---|
| John H Snyder, Gregg | W L Musser, Millheim |
| W M M'Clintock, Potter | J L Marshall, Benner |
| Wm Norris, College | D H Yeager, Snow Shoe |
| Walter O'Brien, College | John Krebs, Ferguson |
| Sam'l Emerick, Union | Albert Sweeley, Liberty |
| Noah Gates, Benner | David Bartges, Gregg |
| S F Ishler, Harris | David Orr, Marion |
| H G Royer, Haines | Gradius Weston, Worth |
| J C Rankin, Snow Shoe | J H Holmes, Ferguson |
| Claude Cook do | Chas Gates, Halfmoon |
| Geo Noll, Boggs | Sam'l Garman, Bellef'te |
| A F Cramer, Haines | F S Lingle, Liberty |
| Fred Heckman, Gregg | J A Yarnell, Snow Shoe |
| Harvey Lutz, Walker | W H Campbell, Boggs |
| Patrick Martin, Boggs | S F Dorman, Walker |
| A B Snyder, Spring | Wm Dawson, Bellefonte |
| J F Curtin, Bellefonte | Jos Adams, Milesburg |
| John Dale, Benner | Michael O'Neal, Rush |


——Seichlen & Co. have granulated sugar at 8c a pound, all other grades at lowest prices. Syrups, molasses, finest New Orleans at 80c per gallon. Fine assortment of coffees, both green and roasted. Our roasted coffees are always fresh. All the new and desirable brands of tobacco. Special attention given to our cigar trade. We try to sell the best 2 for 5c and 5c cigars in the town. Tea—Young Hyson, 60c, 80c, and $1 per lb.; Imperial, 60c, 80c, $1; Gunpowder from 60c to $1 per lb; Oolong 60c to $1 per lb.; Mixed green and black from 60c to $1 per lb.; a very fine colored Japan tea; also a good bargain in Young Hyson at 40c per pound. Finest full cream cheese at 16c per lb. As Baking Powder is coming into such general use, it is important to find which are the best value for the price charged. Our one pound pails of Baker's Baking Powder we think the best return for the money of any brand on the market. The goods will do the same work as any of the higher priced goods. Stone-ware in all sizes of all desirable shapes; best quality of Akron ware. This is the most satisfactory goods in the market. Oranges and lemons of the freshest goods. We have the new lightning fruit jar, and Mason's porcelain-lined and glass top jars. The lightning jar is far ahead of anything yet known. It is a little higher in price than the Mason jar, but it is worth more than the difference in price. Buy the lightning jar and you will not regret it. We have them in pints, quarts and half gallons. Fine sugar cured hams, shoulders, breakfast bacon and dried beef—naked and canvased. We guarantee every piece of meat we sell. We have fifty fine lambs in good pasture to dress for our market as wanted. We give special attention to getting fine lambs, and always try to have a fine flock ahead. Our customers can depend on getting nice lamb at all times. SECHLER & CO, Bush House Block, Bellefonte.


## MARRIED.

On March 21, at the home of the bride in Rockville, by Rev. F. Aurand, C. A. Heckman, of Nittany Valley, and Miss Naomi J. Gramley, of Rebersburg.

On March 22, at Potters Mills, by W. J. Thompson, J. P., John Kustaborder, of Williamsport, and Miss Susie Fry, of Centre Hill.

## DIED.

March 12, near Zion, George Schwindt, aged 81 years, 6 months, 29 days. The remains were transferred to the east end of Brushvalley where interment took place at Grace Reformed church, on afternoon of 15th.

## FIVE PERSONS KILLED.

Chicago, March 22.—The fire which destroyed the Langham hotel last night proved much more dreadful in the loss of life and physical injuries entailed than was supposed until a late hour last night. It is now known that at least five persons were killed and four injured.

## GENERAL GRANT'S CONDITION.

New York, March 22.—General Grant slept part of the time last night in a chair. A consultation was had at 2 o'clock today by Drs. Sands, Douglas and Shrady, and it was generally considered that the patient's throat looked much better. There has been no pain or sensation of uneasiness about the throat for a week. The General took some food to-day, but he has no appetite, and only eats as a matter of necessity.

☞Subscribe for the REPORTER.


NOTICE—*Wolf & Son have just received a fine lot of Fresh Mackerel and Lake Herring, guaranteed to weigh as represented; First quality and low prices. Call on us before purchasing elsewhere.*

W. A. Sandoe,
Merchant Tailor,
(CENTRE HALL),

*Has moved his Tailor Shop to the 2d Floor in Bank Building, and is prepared to do all kinds of Tailoring; has just received a full supply of Spring and Summer Samples and the Latest Fashion Plates.* 18mar3t


POTTER TOWNSHIP AUDITORS' REPORT.—Receipts and Expenditures for the Year ending March 9, 1885:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1884. | SUPERVISOR, JNO. EMERICK. | | DR. |
| March 10. | To balance due Twp. | $217 07 | |
| March 9. | To amount of Dup... | 882 12 | —$1099 19 |
| 1885. March 9. | | | CR. |
| By labor paid | | 649 03 | |
| By 84 days service | | 84 00 | |
| By cash | | 100 00 | |
| By exonerations | | 1 50 | |
| By per centage | | 5 00 | |
| By balance | | 259 57 | —1099 19 |
| | To balance due Township... | | $ 259 19 |
| 1885. | SUPERVISOR, GEO. GROSSMAN. | | DR. |
| March 9. | To amount of Dup..... | | $ 940 82 |
| 1885, March 9 | | | CR. |
| By labor paid | | 261 73 | |
| By 95¼ days service | | 95 25 | |
| By cash | | 10 00 | |
| By balance | | 273 89 | —940 82 |
| | To balance due Twp..... | | $273 89 |
| | SUPERVISOR, JOHN FOREMAN. | | DR. |
| 1885, March 9. | To cash from Auditors | | $100 00 |
| | SUPERVISOR, JAS. SWEETWOOD. | | DR. |
| 1885, March 9. | To cash from Auditors | | $94 19 |
| | OVERSEER POOR, JACOB MEISS. | | DR. |
| 1884, March 10. | To bal. due Twp.. | $310 50 | |
| 1885, March 9. | To am't of Dup... | 940 82 | —$1251 32 |
| 1885, March 9. | | | CR. |
| By relief to | Wm. Bethlehem | $128 90 | |
| " | Perry Deckard | 71 76 | |
| " | Mrs. Carlin | 26 09 | |
| " | Eliza Jordan | 148 16 | |
| " | George McMinn | 45 04 | |
| " | John Nevil | 60 09 | |
| " | Eliza Pennington | 10 22 | |
| " | Mrs. Jones | 5 00 | |
| By making Duplicate | | 4 00 | |
| By 45 days service | | 45 00 | |
| By percentage | | 47 04 | |
| By exonerations | | 3 46 | |
| By error in Duplicate | | 58 | |
| By balance | | 645 97 | —$1251 32 |
| | To balance due Township... | | $645 97 |
| | OVERSEER POOR, PETER HOFFER | | DR. |
| 1884, March 10. | To bal. due Twp. | $323 89 | |
| 1885, March 9. | To am't of Dup. | 879 90 | —$1203 79 |
| 1885, March 9. | | | CR. |
| By relief to | Fred Erhart | $ 63 25 | |
| " | Wm. Tobias | 90 55 | |
| " | Mrs. Meiss | 126 48 | |
| " | George Sheppard | 84 85 | |
| " | Daniel Fauber | 102 00 | |
| " | Mrs. Carlin | 101 90 | |
| " | Rhodes Childiren | 74 42 | |
| " | Mrs. Tresher | 97 31 | |
| By Dr. Alexander, medical attendance | | 65 00 | |
| By percentage | | 43 99 | |
| By 40 days service | | 40 00 | |
| By balance | | 301 44 | —$1203 79 |
| | To balance due Township... | | $301 44 |
| | TREAS. OF AUDIT, W. W. SPANGLER. | | DR. |
| 1885, March 9. | | | |
| To cash from | Peter Rearick, Sup'r | $133 90 | |
| " | Geo. Grossman, " | 10 00 | |
| " | John Emerick, " | 100 00 | —$243 90 |
| 1885, March 9. | | | CR. |
| By cash paid | Jas. Runkle, Sup'r | $ 24 11 | |
| " | Fred Kurtz, Printg | 15 00 | |
| " | J W Runkle | 1 50 | |
| " | W W Spangler | 1 50 | |
| " | W B Mingle | 1 50 | |
| " | J F Miller | 1 50 | |
| " | J D Meyer, room rent | 2 00 | |
| " | John Slack, water trough | 2 50 | |
| " | Jno. Foreman, Supr | 100 00 | |
| " | Jas. A. Sweetwood | 94 19 | |
| " | Stationery | | —$243 90 |

We, the undersigned Auditors of Potter Township, have examined the above accounts and find them correct.

W. W. SPANGLER,
J. W. RUNKLE,
W. B. MINGLE,
Auditors.

J. F. MILLER,
Town Clerk.

Centre Hall, March 9, 1885.


ASSIGNEE SALE OF VALUABLE PROPERTY. Will be sold at public sale at Grenoble's store, Spring Mills, Pa., Friday, March 27, the following real estate of Jacob McCool: A Valuable Farm of 127 Acres, more or less, about 2 miles east of Spring Mills, in Georges Valley; thereon a new two-story dwelling house, bank barn, spring house, moke house and all other outbuildings. Also a Saw Mill, with excellent water power. A never failing spring of water at the house. A large and thriving orchard of choice fruit. About 30 Acres timber land, balance is under a high state of cultivation and under good fences.

Also a 2-story Frame House and lot, at Witmer's siding, with stable, hog pen, and water on lot.

Also property at Spring Mills consisting of House and Lot, and large sable. This property is entirely new and one of the finest at Spring Mills.

Also 300 Acres, with house, bank barn and other outbuildings, good orchard, never failing water. This is good farm land, and about 200 acres good timberland, situate at Spring Mills.

Also 24 Acres, with a good house and stable, located near the railroad, about one mile west of Spring Mills, and has good water. Also 7 Acres adjoining the above on the west, and clear of timber. Sale at 1 o'clock, when terms will be made known. JOHN GROVE, Assignee.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of John Tonner, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

WM. ALLISON,
Executor, Potters Mills, Pa.

4mar6t


## CENTRE HALL SELECT SCHOOL.

The spring term of this institution will commence on Monday, April 27, next, and continue eight weeks. All the higher English branches and Latin will be taught. Special attention will be given young gentlemen and ladies who desire to teach and prepare for examination. Tuition for the term from $4 to $7. Boarding can be had at reasonable rates.

25m4t M. SHIRES, Principal.

——One should always bear in mind that the largest and best assortment of ready-made clothing is always to be found at the Philad. Branch. The goods is first class all the time, and warranted to be as represented. The stock of men's and boys' clothing is equal to that in any of the city stores, with prices down to bottom figures. Always call in at the Philad. Branch before purchasing clothing elsewhere.

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of the best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.

14may tf HENRY BOOZER.

Reported by EVANS BROS., Produce Commission Merchants, No. 56 North Water St., Philad.

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Cheese and all kinds of Country produce. Quick sales, good prices and quick returns.

PHILADELPHIA, Mar. 21 1885.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **BUTTER.** | | | |
| Creamery, Penn'a, extra | | | 25 |
| " Western " | | 21 | 25 |
| **EGGS.** | | | |
| Penn'a, Del and Md., per doz | crates | | 19 |
| " " " " | bbls | | 18 |
| Western, ex brands | crates | | 18 |
| **LIVE POULTRY.** | | | |
| Fowls, straight, nearby | per lb | 13 | 14 |
| " mixed " | " | | 12 |
| " Western, straight | " | 11 | 12 |
| " mixed | " | | 11 |
| Roosters | " | 6 | 7 |
| Ducks | " | 14 | 15 |
| Turkeys | " | 13 | 14 |
| Geese | " | 9 | 11 |
| **DRESSED POULTRY.** | | | |
| Turkeys, extra | per lb | 15 | 16 |
| " choice | " | 14 | 15 |
| " medium | " | 11 | 12 |
| Chickens, dry-picked, extra | " | 14 | 15 |
| " good | " | 12 | 13 |
| " scalded and medium | " | | 11 |
| Ducks, extra | " | 15 | 16 |
| " fair | " | 12 | 14 |
| Geese, extra | " | 9 | 11 |
| **CALVES AND SHEEP.** | | | |
| Calves, Del & Md, prime | per lb | 7 | 8 |
| " Fair to good | " | 6 | 7 |
| " Common stock | " | 4 | 5 |
| " Hog-dressed | " | 6 | 7 |
| Sheep, prime | " | 4 | 5 |
| Lambs, extra | " | 5 | 6 |
| Live Cattle | " | 4½ | 5¾ |
| Hogs, live | " | 5¾ | 6 |
| Pigs, live | " | 5 | 5½ |
| **DRESSED PORK.** | | | |
| Light | per lb | 5½ | 6 |
| Heavy | " | 5 | 5½ |
| **FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.** | | | |
| Cabbage, extra | per 100 | 12 00 | 14 00 |
| " good | " | 8 00 | 10 00 |
| Apples, Baldwins | per bbl | 3 00 | 3 25 |
| " Greenings | " | 2 50 | 3 00 |
| " York State, mixed | " | 2 50 | 3 75 |
| Onions, Pa | " | 4 00 | 4 25 |
| " Western | " | 3 50 | 3 75 |
| **POTATOES.** | | | |
| Early Rose, choice | per bus | 58 | 60 |
| Burbanks, choice | " | 50 | 55 |
| " fair | " | 45 | 48 |
| Pearl Mammoth | " | 48 | 52 |
| Beauty of Hebron | " | 55 | 60 |
| Peerless | " | 45 | 50 |
| **CHEESE.** | | | |
| N Y Factory, choice | | 12½ | 13 |
| Ohio, fat, fine | | 11 | 11½ |
| Penn'a, Full Cream | | 8 | 9 |
| **SEEDS.** | | | |
| Timothy | per bu | 1 50 | 1 60 |
| Clover | per lb | 8½ | 9 |
| Flax | per bu | | 1 60 |
| **WOOL.** | | | |
| Tub-washed | per lb | 27 | 30 |
| Unwashed | " | 17 | 29 |
| **DRIED FRUIT.** | | | |
| Apples, evaporated, in cases | | 6 | 7 |
| " good | | 3 | 3½ |
| " quarters | | 2 | 3 |
| Blackberries | | 3 | 3½ |
| Cherries, pitted, prime dry | | 12½ | 13 |
| **FURS.** | | | |
| Bear, black | | 5 00 | |
| " Cubs | | 2 00 | |
| Red Fox | | 1 00 | |
| Grey | | 25 | 85 |
| Minks | | 35 | 50 |
| Racoons | | 60 | 85 |
| Muskrat, Winter | | 10 | 12 |
| Wild Cat | | 20 | 25 |
| House Cat | | 5 | 10 |
| Opossum, cased, trashed out | | 10 | 15 |
| Rabbits | | 2½ | 2½ |
| **HIDES.** | | | |
| Hides, Dry | per lb | 10 | 11 |
| Calf, Salted | " | 12 | 13 |
| Hides, Green, Steer | " | 5½ | 6 |
| " Cow | " | 5 | 5½ |
| " Bull | " | 4 | 4½ |
| " Salted Steer | " | 8 | 8½ |
| " Cow | " | 8 | 8½ |
| Sheep Skins, per piece | | 25 | 75 |
| **MISCELLANEOUS.** | | | |
| Lard, Country lots, prime | per lb | 8 | 8 |
| Tallow, Solid | " | 5½ | 6 |
| " Cake | " | 6 | 6½ |
| Honey in Comb | " | 10 | 11 |
| Country Soap | " | | 5 |

☞Price Current Subject to Market Fluctuation

## MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Mar. 23, 1885.
(Corrected Weekly.)

| | Chicago. | Philadelphia |
|---|---|---|
| Corn | 37½ | —49½ |
| Wheat " | 74½ | —80½ |
| Oats " | 27½ | —37 |
| Pork " | 11.70 | |
| Lard " | 6.78 | |

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker
23 South Third Street.

## SPRING MILLS MARKET.

| | |
|---|---|
| Wheat—Red | 89 |
| White & Mixed | 75 |
| Rye | 50 |
| Corn, 45 shelled, and ears old | |
| Oats | 30 |
| Buckwheat | 80 |
| Barley | 45 |
| Clover seed large | 5 60 |
| Clover seed small | 6 00 |
| Timothy seed | 1 40 |
| Plaster, ground per ton | 9 00 |
| Flour, per barrel | 5 00 |
| Roller Flour, per barrel | 6 50 |

Butter, 16; tallow, 6; lard, 8; ham, 12; shoulde 8; bacon or side, 8; eggs per dozen, 15 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 3.00; Chestnut, 4.70; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.


ANYBODY Can now make Photographs by the Dry Plate Process.

For 50 cts. we will send post-paid Roche's Manual for Amateurs, which gives full instructions for making the pictures.

Outfits we furnish from $10 upwards.

Our PHOTOGRAPHIC BULLETIN, edited by Prof. Chas. F. Chandler, head of the Chemical Department of the School of Mines, Columbia College, published twice a month for only $2 per annum, keeps Photographers, professional or amateur, fully posted on all improvements, and answers all questions when difficulties arise. Circular and price list free. E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., Manufacturers of Photographic Aperatus and Materials.

No. 591 BROADW